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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries, and Coal Trade of Great Britain. By the Author of the "Treatise on Manufactures in Metal." 8vo. London, 1835. Whittaker and Co.

A SUBJECT more important to our domestic economy and national policy could hardly engage attention; and we feel much indebted to the author for having presented it to us in a popular but comprehensive point of view. He has judiciously avoided theory, and contented himself with stating the theories of others, with sensible observations upon them. He has not exhausted the inquiry, and might have improved it, by general tables and concise abstracts of the diffused information he has collected from philosophical authors and parliamentary papers; but still his volume is one of great interest and utility, which it hardly needs our good word to recommend to attention from every class of the community.

It sets out with discussing the hypotheses of fire and light, and thence proceeds to the argumentation to which the progress of geology has given rise. On the latter, his remarks evince sound common sense.

"In the development of phenomena consequent on these inquiries, it is certainly not surprising that the reverers of the most ancient and authentic historical document in the world should, at all times, have felt sensibly alive to whatever was put forth as evidence on this subject, whether appearing to confirm or to oppose the sacred cosmogony of the book of Genesis. It must be admitted, however, that the advocates of the integrity of the sacred record have sometimes committed themselves and their righteous cause, by the exercise of a zeal not according to knowledge. Their error, to speak of it comprehensively, has been twofold: in the first place, they have hastily confided the sustentation of the credit of the Mosaic account to one plausible hypothesis or another; and these failings, by the discovery that their foundations were not laid in physical facts, the enemies of revelation have assumed, still more unwarrantably, that the whole fabric of Divine truth must be one of equal instability: in the second place, they have too often spoken and written as if, admitting the inspired authenticity of a passage, we are compelled to adopt as infallible its commonly received interpretation. This is, confessedly, a delicate point, and one in all disquisitions connected with which too great a degree of precaution cannot be exercised; but it must be exercised on the part of the divine as well as the geologist; for, while the latter produces facts, apparently in overwhelming abundance, to shew that certain notions long entertained may possibly be unfounded, and submits that the advocates of revelation act unwisely in forcing interpretations at variance with phenomena, the former has no right to place an issue of so much importance to mankind as the credibility of the Bible history, on the very dan-

gerous presumption that no scheme of explanation, no method of reconciling seeming discrepancies, surpassing his own, can ever be attained to."

Peat is next considered, and then comes coal, its natural history, organic remains, and other properties and appearances. Here is a summary:

"Coal formation" may, therefore, conveniently be used to designate:—1. Those generally insulated tracts of carboniferous strata, commonly known in this country under the appellation of 'coal-fields';—2. The scope and inclination of the strata denominated, from their flexures and occasional spherical formation, 'coal-basins';—and, 3. The succession and order of strata, as displayed in a vertical section, and called 'coal-measures.' Of these three views of the coal formation, it may, perhaps, be remarked in addition, that the first is that which chiefly interests the topographer; the second, the geologist; and, the third, the miner.

"Jameson distributes the coal genus into three species, viz. Brown Coal, Black Coal, and Glance Coal: these are again divided into sub-species.

"1. *Brown Coal*.—1. Bituminous wood, or fibrous brown coal: the fracture is woody, of a dark brown colour; it burns with a clear flame and bituminous smell. This is the fossil found at Bovey, as already noticed: it likewise occurs, differing somewhat in condition, in many other parts of Europe. 2. Earth-coal, or earthy brown coal, which occurs massive, of a brownish or pitch black; it sometimes passes into bituminous wood, with which it is found, and from which it differs principally in its state of aggregation, being commonly of a loose consistency. 3. Alum-earth, which flames when exposed to heat. It is said to occur in vast beds in alluvial land: it has also been remarked, that where beds of brown coal have a covering of clay, they afford good fuel; but, when the cover is sand, the subjacent coal is alum-earth. It is not found in this country, nor much used for fuel. 4. Common, or conchoidal brown coal, which is found at Bovey; it burns with a weak blue-coloured flame, and emits a smell like that of burning bituminous wood. It is distinguished by a high degree of lustre, and conchoidal fracture: we find in it iron pyrites, honeystone, amber, and a substance resembling retinite. 5. Moor coal, or trapezoidal brown coal: it is the most frangible species of coal; its fragments approaching to cubical. It is not found in this country—though elsewhere it is the most abundant kind of brown coal.

"II. *Black Coal*.—1. Slate coal. To this species is commonly referred the rich caking coal of Newcastle, and of the other reputed coal districts. Mr. Hutton, however, considers the slate coal of the Tyne collieries to consist of the true caking coal of the district arranged in thin alternate layers, with the cannel, parrot, or splint coal, and deriving from this arrangement its slaty structure. Slate coal is described

by Jameson as being in colour intermediate between velvet-black and a dark greyish-black. Sometimes it presents a pavonine or peacock-tail colouring, sometimes a columbine tarnish. It occurs massive, and in ovoidal and columnar concretions. It is shining or glistening, and the lustre is resinous. The principal fracture is nearly straight, and generally thick slaty; the cross fracture is imperfect and flat conchoidal, and sometimes even or uneven. The fragments are sometimes slaty, sometimes trapezoidal, or indeterminate angular. It is harder than gypsum, but not so hard as calcareous spar: the lustre is heightened in the streak, brittle, inclining to sectile, and easily frangible. According to Dr. Thomson, this variety of coal contains of constituent matters the following proportions:—Carbon, 65.28; hydrogen, 4.18; azote, 15.96; oxygen, 9.58 = 100.00. It passes sometimes into cannel and foliated coal. 2. Cannel coal, in colour, and several other particulars, resembles the last-named sub-species, has a large and flat conchoidal fracture; it is so solid, and, when pure, capable of receiving so good a polish, that snuff-boxes and various toys may be made out of it in the manner of jet; in Yorkshire it is called branch coal, and is often sought after by turners: it is, however, commonly used as fuel, or distilled in the production of gas, being, although often of a dull aspect, yet of a highly inflammable and bituminous quality. According to the late Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Watson), its common name is derived from the word 'candle,' because in some places, especially in Lancashire, the poor formerly used it in the place of oil or tallow for lights. It occurs near Whitehaven, in Cumberland; Wigan, in Lancashire; Broseley, in Shropshire; near Sheffield, in Yorkshire; and also at several places in Scotland, where it is named 'parrot coal,' probably on account of its flying about, and the crackling noise it makes when burning. 3. Foliated coal occasionally occurs with the last-named variety, either massive or in lamellar concretions; it is of a splendid resinous lustre, softer than cannel coal, and readily disintegrates by the action of the weather, and, when intermixed with iron-pyrites, will sometimes take fire, in consequence of the decomposition of the metallic ingredient. Jameson mentions, 4. Coarse coal, composed of granular concretions aggregated together, but not common in Great Britain: also soot-coal, of an uneven earthy fracture, and dull, or sometimes semi-metallic lustre—it is found in Scotland.

"III. *Glance Coal*.—1. Pitch coal, of a velvet black colour; it is found in plates; sometimes in the shape of branches, with a regular woody internal structure: it burns with a greenish flame. It occurs in secondary trap rocks in the Isle of Skye; and in a variety of situations on the Continent, where it is used for fuel, either in its natural state, or when converted into coke. It is of a still more compact, jet-like nature, than the branch coal above mentioned; and, according to a report published in the *Journal des Mines*, twelve hundred

men were employed in the district of Oude, in France, in fabricating, with the pitch-coal of that neighbourhood, rosaries, buttons, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, snuff-boxes, drinking vessels, &c. One thousand cwt. are yearly expended for this purpose; and to Spain alone, the value of 18,000 livres is sold. In Prussia, the amber-diggers, who name it black amber, cut it into various ornamental articles: it was formerly known by the name of Gagat or Jet, from the river Gaga, or the city Gagus, in Lesser Asia, where it was dug.—2. Glance coal. This sub-species includes four varieties:—Conchoidal glance-coal, Slaty glance-coal, Columnar glance-coal, and Fibrous coal. The first of these kinds is the compact anthracite of Haüy: its colour is iron-black, inclining to brown; the surface sometimes exhibits a tempered steel-coloured tarnish; and thin pieces ring like metal. It burns without flame or smell, and leaves a white-coloured ash: it is found in Staffordshire, and in Scotland. The slaty glance-coal resembles the last in colour, except where bordering on the graphite, when it inclines to a steel-gray, or plumbaginous aspect. According to Dolomieu, when reduced to powder, and heated in a crucible, it does not give any sulphureous or bituminous odour, and on distillation, it affords neither sulphur nor bitumen. By exposure to a considerable heat, it burns without flame; and at length is consumed, leaving a greater or lesser portion of ash, according to its purity. This is the anthracite so abundant in the United States; the *culm* of our Welsh collieries, and the *blind coal* of Kilkenny. It occurs, also, with the preceding kind, in Staffordshire, and several parts of Scotland. The columnar glance-coal resembles the last in colour: it occurs massive, disseminated, and also in prismatic concretions, from which its name is derived: like the rest of its species, it burns without flame or smoke. We are informed by Professor Jameson, that it forms a bed several feet thick, in the coal-field of Sanquhar, in Dumfriesshire; at Salt-coats, in Ayrshire; it occurs not only in beds, along with green-stone, slate-clay, clay-iron-stone, and bituminous slate, in the coal formation of that district, but also imbedded in the green-stone; about four miles from New Cumnock; also in Ayrshire, there is a bed of columnar glance-coal, from three to six feet thick, in which the columns are arranged in rows like basalt, and which is intermixed with compact, scaly, and columnar graphite. Both the graphite and the columnar glance-coal are contained in the coal formation; and in some places, contemporaneous masses of green-stone are imbedded in the coal. Fibrous coal, or mineral charcoal, occurs imbedded, or in thin layers, in black coal, sometimes inclosed in pitch-stone: it is met with in the different coal-fields of Great Britain, and in similar situations on the continent of Europe: its fibrous concretions and silky lustre distinguish it from all the other kinds of coal: it is not certain that this mineral is wood mineralised; several of the varieties may be original carbonaceous matter crystallised in fibrous concretions. Besides the foregoing distribution, founded upon the external character of the different species, and adapted for the purposes of popular classification, a great variety of appellations are current in the trade, as indicative of the quality of the coals, and in respect of which prices are regulated in the market. These terms are generally taken from the pits or places whence the coals are brought; and in reference to the best and worst kinds, and even to several between these extremes, they are,

perhaps, sufficiently distinctive to prevent practised dealers from being imposed upon, however little they may assist, or however much they may confound purchasers in general. About seventy denominations of coal are said to be imported into London, of which, between forty and fifty are sent from Newcastle. Amidst so many varieties, to say nothing of new sorts, or old sorts with new names, which are constantly introduced, the distinctions must often be purely arbitrary; not one person in a thousand being, in fact, able to affirm or deny that the coals of intermediate quality are of the sort implied by the denomination. The coal-meters themselves, when examined on this point before the parliamentary committees in 1830, admitted that they could not accurately distinguish between the different qualities, though they could tell best coals from such as were inferior, and also discriminate between two or three different sorts. Where so much uncertainty exists, even in the judgment of individuals the most extensively conversant with the trade, how wide a door must be opened for fraud and roguery! As, however, no suspicion ever attaches to the parties who first ship the coals from the pits, the London merchant purchases with confidence, the ship's certificate always accrediting the quality; but after the coals have once been removed from the vessel to the warehouse, neither official vigilance nor personal interest could always prevent those tricks of *manufacturing*, or substitution, by which the price is enhanced by screening, mixing various sorts, and affixing to the inferior commodity as reputable a name as it will bear. Coals may be considered as absolutely good or bad, when they are free from, or much mixed with, heterogeneous substances; and relatively good or bad, as they happen to be more or less adapted for particular purposes. The 'Wallsend,' or best Newcastle coal, kindles easily; in burning, it cakes or runs together, but not to such a hard solid mass as some other sorts, emitting, at the same time, a great deal of heat, as well as of smoke and flame; it leaves a small quantity of dark-coloured residuum or ashes. The sorts of coals usually denominated, in the London market, 'Tanfield,' commonly burn slowly, cake very hard, and afford a strong and long-continued heat: the other varieties are of an intermediate character. The Whitehaven coal is said to approach very nearly to the nature of the Newcastle coal. In the better kinds from both places, the former has been found to possess one per cent less of carbon, and one per cent less of bitumen. The Cumberland coal much seldomer contains any intermixture than is found to be the case with many sorts from Northumberland. The Whitehaven coal burns at first with a clear flame, and for a long time, but at last cakes. The Wigan coal burns quicker, and cakes less. The Swansea coal burns slowly, and cakes. The Leirtrick coal cakes only slightly. Caking coal gives out a great quantity of heat, and, with attention, burns a long time; consequently, where it can be procured at a reasonable price, it is commonly preferred.

Coal-measures, the modes of working, ventilation of mines, &c., are all brought distinctly forward, and ably explained; as are, also, the accidents to which the miners are liable, and the protections against them. The interior of a pit is curious:—

"Besides the rarer occurrence of those ancient vegetable forms described in previous chapters, the curious visitor will commonly be interested by the more recent manifestations of

organised existence. In the damp recesses of the mine, several species of the fungus family make their appearance: as these are most beautifully white, sometimes filamentous, at others like tawed leather, they contrast strikingly with the sombre aspect of the coal from which they shoot. Not only are there various species of fungi met with in the forsaken workings of old coal-mines, but sometimes mosses, especially the *rhizomorpha*, or root moss. Efflorescences of mineral matters of considerable interest sometimes occur—in minute capillary masses frequently: occasionally, however, judging from specimens in the museums at Newcastle and other places, very fine crystals of sulphate of lime are found in the abandoned galleries of Felling colliery; 'teaching,' as was lately remarked, 'important truths as to the power and action of what have been called 'diurnal' geological causes.' But if courage be required to enter a coal-mine at ordinary depths, it is in descending the frightfully deep pits in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, that sensations bordering on the awful are inevitably experienced; and at traversing at such profound depths the endless galleries into which the shafts ramify, the visitor is struck by the perfection of plans adapted to lessen, as much as possible, the risk which the pitmen run in situations where the great value of the coal induces them to get it as completely as possible. On the other hand, the vast caverns formed in getting the thick Staffordshire coal, exhibit on a much more striking scale the combined operations of the miners, from the space which, when artificially illuminated, the eye commands at once; at the same time that persons may move about more commodiously, and also with fewer apprehensions of danger from explosions or foul air."

The characteristics, &c. of the men are thus noticed:—

"In their dress, the pitmen, singularly enough, often affect to be gaudy, or rather they did so formerly, being fond of clothes of flaring colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *posy jackets*, were frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various dyes; their stockings mostly of blue, purple, pink, or mixed colours. A great part of them used to have their hair very long, which, on work-days, was either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls; but when dressed in their best attire, it was commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wore two or three narrow ribands round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it was customary with them to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers. Perhaps it will strike a stranger, on passing along the streets of Newcastle on a Sunday or holiday, that the better sort of the inhabitants are partial to posies or flowers. The general direction of its workings, and also with regard to whatever requires a profound theoretical, as well as a complete practical, knowledge of obtaining the coal economically and safely, is in the north confided to persons called viewers. The viewer being not only a person of education, but one who is presumed to have the best information and largest experience as to all matters connected with mining, he is consulted professionally by the coal-owners, and in the degree that he is found to possess judgment and integrity, his services are often retained by several independent concerns. Under him is the *overman*, or person who has the sole direction of the underground economy of a pit, visiting it every morning before the men go to work, and

keeping a daily account of the labours of the pitmen. He takes his instructions from the viewer; and every person else in the pit is subordinate to him. The office of an overman is of the utmost importance in the management of a coal-mine; and none but men of tried experience, integrity, and sobriety, should be appointed to fill it. An overman is allowed as many deputies as may be necessary, according to circumstances. The *keeper* is an inspector of the hewers, &c. *Hewers* are the workmen who are actually employed in cutting down the coal in the mine. *Putters* and *barrowmen* are employed in filling and putting, or pushing, the corves on trams to the crane or shaft. *Drivers* are boys employed to drive the horses. *Trappers* are the youngest class of boys employed to close the doors, which duty is sometimes performed by old men. *Onsetters*, those who hook on and take off the corves below, as the *banksman* does above. In the collieries in other parts of the country, although the foregoing terms may not be used, the workmen are generally divided into much the same parties, though the supervision of the work may be different. In some parts of Staffordshire, the working of a colliery is undertaken conjointly by two men, provincially termed *butty* and *doggey*. When a person owning a tract of coal wishes to work it without actual personal direction or superintendence, he sends for the parties above named, who contract to get and raise the coal at a royalty of one-fourth, fifth, or sixth of the proceeds of sale, according to agreement, the owner 'putting down the plant,' i. e. finding the machinery; so that the undertakers have no property but their labour in the 'plantation.' The *butty*, who is generally the manager of the concern, as representative of the owner, rarely descends the shaft, while the *doggey* takes the entire and absolute direction of all the underground operations. These co-contractors are often liberally remunerated, and sometimes amass considerable property, particularly the former, who are proverbial for their obesity—a *butty* and a man with a great belly being terms nearly synonymous among the Staffordshire colliers. When found unsatisfactory, or suspected of dishonesty, they may be 'valued out,' as it is termed, by a competent reference, the owner in this case paying what may be judged a reasonable bonus to the party displaced. In many instances, however, the coal proprietors manage their collieries as any other concern is managed, namely, through the medium of responsible agents, a ground-bailiff taking the general oversight somewhat in the manner of a Newcastle viewer.

Of late years, the ancient relations so long subsisting between the pitmen and their employers have been sadly broken down by the operation of circumstances over which, as to their origin, perhaps, neither party had much direct control. According to the old order of things, immemorial usages were tacitly allowed to have the force of law: the men were regularly hired, spent their money and their lives with little consideration of what the world was doing around them: sometimes they acted despotically; but their masters grew rich: and this harmony was only broken by occasional riots resulting from accidental causes. The old proverb, setting forth the folly of 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' was duly revered; and the practicability of carrying them from various other places to London and elsewhere, appeared to excite but little attention. But when the spirit of mercantile speculation was once turned towards the collieries, and new sources of supply were opened up; when competition arose

in the market, and the consequent diminution of individual profits, induced the masters to aim at making better terms with the men, the latter sought to strengthen themselves by the dangerous bond of combination; accordingly unions of the pitmen were formed, and from that moment a series of conflicts, too painful to be dwelt upon, from being in every way disastrous in their consequences, ensued."

The coal-trade, and ancient and historical notices of the mineral, furnish several interesting chapters, of which we regret we can take but slight mention.

Authors appear to be agreed that the earliest express mention of fossil coals, used as a fuel by artificers, occurs about two thousand years ago, in the writings of Theophrastus, the scholar of Aristotle, who, in his book on stones, gives the subsequent very particular description of them:—"Those fossil substances, that are called coals, and are broken for use, are earthy; they kindle, however, and burn like wood coals. These are found in Liguria, where there is also amber, and in Elis, in the way to Olympia over the mountains: they are used by the smiths." Siculus Flaccus says that coals, among other things, were used for landmarks; and St. Augustine describes them as applied to that purpose on account of their imperishable nature—a singular assertion truly: 'they who pitch them,' says he, 'are wont to throw them underneath, to convince any litigious person, who should affirm, though ever so long after, that no landmark was there.' Whether or not the aborigines of this island had any knowledge of the coal so abundantly discovered in later times, is a question that has been repeatedly discussed.

Some idea of the extent of this trade may be derived from the following statement:—In 1826, the amount of coal, culm, and cinders, imported into the port of London, was 1,600,229 chaldrons, equal to 2,040,291 tons, 254 cwt. being reckoned a chaldron, as required by the late Act. At that time, the duty paid upon the coal and cinders was six shillings per chaldron, and upon the culm, sixpence;—the entire importation produced 467,852*l.* In 1830, the importation was so nearly on a par with that of 1826, that there was only the difference of about 100*l.*, in the amount of duty paid. From the 1st of March, 1831, these duties were repealed; and in the following year (1832), the total quantity of the above descriptions of fuel imported at London, was 1,677,708 chaldrons, or 2,139,078 tons, the amount of the preceding twelve months. In 1833, the quantity of coals stated to have been sold in the London coal-market, was 2,006,653 tons, of which the proportion of Stewart's Hetton, and Lambton's Wallsend—the sorts considered best for ordinary purposes—was about 504,695 tons. The price of delivering these sorts at the cellar of the consumer, seems to have been 26*s.* per ton. Another account makes the amount much larger. According to a return lately made to the House of Commons, the quantity of coals brought coastwise and by inland navigation into the port of London, in 1833, was 2,014,804½ tons, and 1834, 2,080,547 tons. Of these, there came from Newcastle, in 1833, 1,060,839 tons; in 1834, 1,142,903 tons; from Sunderland, in 1833, 666,787 tons; in 1834, 559,105 tons. From Stockton, in 1833, 170,690 tons, in 1834, 64,268. From Hull, Goole, Gainsborough, and other places in Yorkshire, in 1835, 17,751 tons. At present, the current London prices are—best Stewart's Hetton, or Lambton's Wallsend, 29*s.* per ton; best Newcastle, 27*s.*, second, from 25*s.* to 27*s.*"

The products in toys, tar, gas, coke, ashes, soot, smoke, &c. &c., and a sketch of the coal formations throughout the world, are replete with information; but our fire is burnt out, and we can only re-peat that the volume deserves a universally warm reception, and purchasers will not burn their fingers when they "post the coal."

Agnes Serle. By the Author of "The Heiress." London, 1835. 3 vols. Bentley.

CERTAINLY an improvement on its predecessor. The story is much more dramatic, and more interesting; and a good deal of dialogue makes a whole of pleasant reading. The hero is of the D'Arcy and Bouverie school; and the heroine beautiful and charming after the most approved and established fashion, and also in approved and established difficulties, for which a little common-sense would have been an efficient remedy. We quote the following duel as a fair specimen of the author's powers:

"It was a large open space in the centre of a thick wood. The short green turf was crossed by a beaten track, passing through two broad openings into the wood beyond; so that the clearing was entered by shady avenues at opposite extremes. It was, in truth, a cheerful and a lovely spot; the sun ever seemed to shine upon it more brightly than on the neighbouring lands; and many were the parties, and more numerous the avowals, of which it might boast of having been the scene. But a dull February morning was not the time to see it in its beauty; and the cold mist of the early hour, and the purpose for which they had met, would have given it a gloomy character in the eyes of those assembled, had their minds not been employed on more important matters. The principals and their friends entered the Ring, as it was called by the villagers, almost at the same moment, from the opposite entrances, giving to the meeting a something of romance—a shadowing of the ancient tournament, when knights entered the lists at opposite barriers; yet there was nothing of romance or chivalry in the approaching combatants. There was no thirst for fame, no knightly feeling, on either side, but rather deadly hatred, and the wish to kill: the one to right himself in the world's eyes, and hush a hideous tale; the other to avenge a cruel wrong, and from a wild, unhalloved fancy that to his arm was committed the freeing of his sister from a galling bond, to which his own selfishness had condemned her as much as another's villany—a fancy for which the extent of his wrongs and the fever raging in his veins might furnish an explanation, but no excuse. With such feelings on either side, no unmeaning courtesies could be expected: and the seconds only exchanged the morning salutation. Captain Callaghan was in his element, and performed all the duties of his part as a pleasure rather than a painful task. Mr. Hewson, unversed in affairs of the kind, and of a graver and more thoughtful character, acquiesced in the requisite arrangements, but made no bustle; and his clouded look shewed that, whilst with the world he deemed the encounter inevitable, the affair was in his eyes a sad and distressing duty. Captain Callaghan considering that, a blow having been received, nothing short of blood could efface the insult, no apology was demanded; and, of course, none was offered. Two pairs of pistols were produced, loaded, primed, and one of each presented to the combatants, who stood rather at the side of the encircled green, with one of the avenues opening between them. The captain claimed the first fire for his friend, as being the

challenger; but looked towards him as if expecting and wishing that he would wave the privilege, and insist on firing together. But the look was unseen, or unheeded. Hallcot might have been thinking of other things. Mr. Hewson caught the fixed and stern expression of the usually quiet and unspeaking features, the keen glaring of the generally unmeaning eye; and, knowing Hallcot an unfailing shot, he hinted a remonstrance on account of his friend's unheard-of wrongs; but Lewis stopped him abruptly. 'Let the villain have all his rights; they shall avail him nothing. The brother shall avenge his sister. Were it for her wrongs only, he must die!' It will be seen that the ferocious mood of the day before was little softened. The paces were measured, the combatants took their places. For a moment they glared upon each other, as if both sought to crush his opponent by the expression of his hatred; and then the signal handkerchief was dropped. Lewis stood firm; not a limb stirred—not an eyelash trembled—though he knew Hallcot rarely missed, and saw he was taking as exact an aim as his fear of the opinion of the world would permit. The lip of Lewis curled in scorn. But, before the trigger was pulled, brief as was the time, a sudden rustling, a strange murmur, and a gentle rushing, made him turn his face towards the entrance near him. Hewson's back was in that direction, his eye fixed on Hallcot; he saw him cast a hasty glance towards the avenue; the next instant, the finger pressed the trigger with a hurried motion, as if something seen in that glance had accelerated the action. The ball passed on its errand ere Lewis had again turned his head, and entered the side of Agnes, as, springing forward, she threw herself into his arms, looking on him with all a sister's love, and saying, as she clung round him, 'If blood must flow, Lewis, let it be mine!' The pistol fell from his nerveless grasp with an exclamation of horror, as he heard her groan, saw her closing eyes, and felt her lying in his arms with the dull weight of death."

Among the minor characters Lady Susan is the best drawn. We could have dispensed with the gypsy—being about the thousand and first copy of Meg Merrilies.

The Amulet. Edited by S. C. Hall. 8vo. pp. 304. London, 1835. Westley and Davis. THERE are ten embellishments in this year's *Amulet*, and the literary contributions are mostly by well known and popular writers. Of the former, we shall speak in our department of Fine Arts, when, perhaps, we may have examined them in a more favourable form than in the small pages of a small book: in this place we shall take a glance at the letter-press. A little poem, "Sour Grapes," by Laman Blanchard, opens the ball, and prettily describes the fruit—

Each grape
A little world of wine.

An account follows of the Island of Jerbi, off the coast of Tunis, which is distinguished by a tower of human heads,—a monument of a victory gained by the Arabs over a Christian expedition, in 1561, commanded by Lacerda, duke of Medina Cæli, viceroy of Sicily:—

"In shape (says the writer, Mr. Thomas Kerrich, who visited Jerbi in 1833), the aforesaid monument may be most aptly compared to one of the great Senegal ants' nests; conical, but not coming to an abrupt point; from 30 to 35 feet high, and 25 in diameter at its base. The whole consists, or is formed, of human heads, in layers, supported on thigh-bones. It

appears, that in the first instance, these were simply filled up without any other material, but afterwards plastered with cement, to preserve the whole from the sea-spray. This is obvious; as, on the side facing the sea, the cement has, in part, given way, and the skeleton heads are, for a considerable space, exposed to view. I have now in my possession some teeth, extracted in my presence by one of our sailors, who climbed to the top of the tower, using irreverently many an empty mouth with his foot as the steps of a ladder. I learned, from our Arab pilot, that the tower was called Burj-er-Roos, and that it was formed of Christian heads; but as to anything more, he seemed to think it of no earthly consequence."

Mr. Kerrich, however, obtains and gives a very graphic history of the catastrophe. L. E. L. has contributed several pieces of charming poetry, and the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham, Elliott of the "Corn-Law Rhymes," Lord Strangford, Mrs. Godwin, Miss Mitford, J. F. Hollings, Mr. James, Miss Pardoe, C. Swain, Miss Isabel Hill, and others, have filled up the measure of verse with productions of great merit, variety, and interest. In the prose division, Mrs. Hall is herself a host; but she is ably supported by Mrs. Hoffland, the author of "Selwyn," Capt. McNaughten, the Rev. Dr. Walsh, and several anonymous hands. Dr. Walsh's paper, entitled "Shreds and Patches," is so instructive and amusing, that we can hardly select better matter for the illustration of the *Amulet* than from him:—

"*Scrawing.*—Miss Edgeworth justly remarks, in her "Essay on Irish Bulls," that, even in the slang of the common Irish, there is a figurative form of expression which that of the common English wants; and to prove it she exhibits a specimen of both. That of the latter is unintelligible nonsense, where a word of uncouth sound, but utterly unmeaning import, is substituted as a name for a thing well known; while that of the former is a string of metaphors and ingenious associations. So it is with Irish legends; there is a sense in their extravagance, a meaning or illusion of a very serious and solemn kind, mixed up with some of their wildest fictions. I attended, on one occasion, a funeral in Ireland, and an odd circumstance interrupted the service:—a cow followed the procession for a considerable distance along the road, and when the corpse was about to be interred, rushed in among the people, and attempted to toss the coffin on her horns; and it was with some difficulty she was driven away by the spades and shovels of the sexton. On our return we talked of the extraordinary impression made upon the senses of the animal, whether of sight, or sound, or smell, that had occasioned such an unusual excitement; but one of the company at once accounted for it by confidently asserting that the cow had not been scrawed. On asking him to explain what he meant by the expression, he did so in the following words: 'There are three weeks,' said he, 'before and after Whitsuntide that are called Trinity-weeks, and three days out of these are called cross-days; for if any thing, whether man or beast, be born on one of these days, it will surely have the blood of some person on it before it dies, harring it's scraw'd. Now, no one can tell which are the three cross-days of the Trinity; so whenever a child is born, or a calf is yeaned, about Whitsuntide, they lay it on the ground, and cut three scraws or sods, which are placed on it, so as that it is buried like, as soon as it comes into the world. After that, it becomes a new thing, and the evil of its old life is

destroyed. A brother's son of my own was born on a Whitsun-Monday, which, they say, is the crossdest day in the year, so they thought it right to put the charm on him, and what do you think, but he died before the end of the year.' 'Then the charm did him no service, it seems,' said I. 'I ax your pardon, sir,' said he, 'it was all God's doing; he died before he had the blood of a Christian on him, which God saw would happen to him if he did not in his mercy take him out of the way. My uncle's widow had a cow which calved on a Whitsun-Tuesday, so the neighbours said the calf ought to be scrawed; but the widow was a woman that got an edication up in Dublin, and she said it was all old woman's stories, and she would not have it done. One said she was right, and another said she was wrong, and at last it was agreed to ask the priest, and he said, as was proper, by his advice. Father Tom had a power of book-larning, surely, and a good man he was, but he had a prejudice like against the customs of the country, and was for setting his face against them; so when he came, he said it was a superstitious folly and the like, and he kicked the scraws into the gripe which they had just cut for the calf. Well, sir, the calf grew to be a cow, and a wicked cow she turned out. The widow's daughter, a slip of a girl about fourteen, was crossing the bawn one morning where she was milking, and the cow suddenly made at her, and she had just time only to clasp the half-door of the biar after her, when the cow was upon her, and nearly broke the door to pieces trying to get at her. The mother, after this, repented that she would not suffer the evil thing to be taken out of the cow; but she made the best of a bad bargain, and sold her to a Quaker gentleman, who put her to graze on the hill of Rathcool. A farmer's wife, who lived near the hill, went out one day to buy huckstries, but it was a lone place, and she had far to go before she came to the shop. She was great with child, and near the down-lying, and she left seven more behind her on the floor. When she bought the little things she wanted, she put them in the tail of her petticoat, and turned it over her head, and was returning home over the hill. The cow let her pass till she got to the top, and turned down at the other side, and then she was seen like mad by some labourers digging potatoes, running up the hill after nobody, for the woman had disappeared at the other side. Well, sir, the woman's husband thought it long she was staying from the children, so he set out to look for her, and there he found her at the bottom of the hill quite dead; she was ripped up by the cow, and the twins that she was carrying lying beside her on the grass, and the cow, with her bloody horns, grazing near them.' 'That's a sad story,' said I. 'It surely is, sir,' said the man, 'but there's more of it yet. The creatures were brought home on a door, and put into the same coffin, and when they were waking, the cow came from the hill and ran bellowing about the house all night. And the next day, when they were brought to be buried, she followed the funeral to Rathcool churchyard, and when the coffin was laid down, ran in among the people, like the cow to-day, and smelled to it, and it was as much as they could do with the spades and shovels to drive her away, and let the corpses be quietly buried.' 'What was done with the cow at last?' said I. 'The neighbours,' said he, 'saw she was not right, and surely she was possessed by some bad thing on the cross-day, which was never charmed out of her. The woman's husband

got a gun, and went to the gentleman that owned her, and insisted on shooting and burying her. The gentleman at first said again it. 'But,' says the man, 'if a Christian is put to death for killing another, why should not a beast, who sent not one but three persons to face their God without any preparation?' So he shot the cow out of hand, and then they dug a hole on the spot and buried her at last under the scrubs, which they ought to have done at first, and so prevented all the mischief. What became of the cow that disturbed our funeral I had no opportunity afterwards of knowing. It is highly probable she was put to death, and buried as possessed of some evil thing. It struck me, however, that regenerating the animal by scrawing, burying the old bad thing supposed to be in it, and so bringing a new creature to life, had its origin in a distorted and figurative view of a solemn religious impression. I found on inquiry, that a mischievous cow had actually done as the man had reported, and the vivid fancy of the people had accounted for it as he said, and treated the beast accordingly.

"Crossing the Equator.—There is no circumstance more curious, nor yet more involved in mystery, than the origin of that practice, so universal among all the nations of Europe, the ceremonies of baptism to which all those of the crew are obliged to submit, who for the first time cross the Equator. It is so remarkable a circumstance that it is not left unnoticed by any writer who has passed the line, though the earliest speak of it as an old custom long practised by the people of every country. Baptism, or immersion in water, is invariable in all, though the ceremonies and personages attending it are different. The English lather the catechumen with a composition of tar and tallow, and shave him with an iron hoop, a process which the polite French omit; but in the frigate in which I passed the Equator for the first time, there were among the personages a bear and a bear-leader, which, I was told, had an astronomical allusion to Ursa Major and Arctophylax, a tincture of science which I have not observed in the absurd ceremonies recorded of any other nation. It appears that the usage, though now confined to the Equator, was formerly extended to other places. The following circumstance I do not find noticed by any writer who has detailed the ceremonies of crossing the line. It occurs in the 'History of the Buccaneers of America,' written in various languages. The author sailed from Havre-de-Grace in 1666: and in passing the dangerous shoal at the mouth of the river Ras, on the coast of France, the ceremony of baptism was performed on all who were in the ship, who had not passed it before. The master's mate clothed himself in some fantastic robes, holding in his right hand a wooden sword, and in his left a pot of ink. He commanded all the uninitiated to kneel down, and made the sign of the cross on their foreheads with ink, struck them on the shoulders with the wooden sword, and then caused a bucket of sea-water to be cast upon them. Each of the baptised finally made oblation of a bottle of brandy, by laying it beside the mainmast, and then silently departed. The Dutch practised a similar ceremony in passing the rocks called Berlinges, on the coast of Portugal. The person to be baptised was hoisted three times to the mainyard by a tackle, and then let down, and dipped in the sea. Each paid a small sum, which was laid out in wine at the next port, and drunk by the crew. This ceremony, they say, was instituted by Charles V."

For our poetical example we have chosen

"The Mother's Warning."

By L. E. L.

Pray thee, dear one, heed him not,
Love has an unquiet lot;
Why for words of fear and fate,
Shouldst thou change thy sweet estate?
Linger yet upon the hour
Of the green leaf and the flower.
Art thou happy? For thy sake
Do the birds their music make—
Birds with golden plumes that bring
Sunshine from a distant spring.
For thine eyes the roses grow
Red as sunset, white as snow.
And the bees are gathering gold
Ere the winter hours come cold.
Flowers are colouring the wild wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood?
Break not its enchanted reign,—
Such life never knows again.
Wilt thou love? Oh, listen all
I can tell thee of such thrall.
Though my heart be changed and chill
Yet that heart remembers still,
All the sorrow that it proved,
All I suffered while I loved.
'Tis to waste the feverish day,
In impatient hopes away.
Watching with a weary eye
For a step that comes not nigh;
'Tis to pass the night in weeping,
Vigils the heart's penance keep;
Shedding tears that, while they fall,
Are ashamed to weep at all.
There are darker hours in store,
Loving—yet beloved no more.
When the lover's heart is changed,
And the lover's eye has ranged.
Sit thou down as by a grave,
Weep o'er all thy penance gave;
Weep and weep in vain, for never
Could endurance or endeavour,
Love in every action shewn,
Keep the false heart for thy own.
It is won at little cost,
But still easier is it lost.
I shall see that sunny hair
Braided with less anxious care;
I shall see that cheek grow pale,
As the lily in the vale.
I shall hear those steps whose flight
Is so musical and light,
Dragging onwards, languid, slow,
Caring nothing who they go.
We! for all I see will come!
We for our deserted home!
If to love thy choice shall be,
Farewell, my sweet child, to thee!"

In conclusion, we have but to say that the *Amulet* is quite equal to its Charms of former years; and, with its tendency to religious inculcation, well fitted to be a gift to the fair and young.

Norman Leslie. *A Tale of the present times.*
By Theodore S. Fay. 3 vols. London, 1835.
Macrone.

THIS is the first production of a very clever American writer which has appeared in this country. The present times of which it tells are those on the other side the Atlantic. The society of New York is sketched in a very lively and piquant manner, and is another illustration of the fact, that small distinctions, vanities, and luxuries, are inseparable from man in a social state. The story, during the first two volumes, is excellent; the interest and mystery alike well kept up; but the third volume flags. The scenes in Italy with the supernaturally beautiful countesses, and the awfully wicked monks, belong to time past, and not to time present. While in America, our author feels his force. There are some very graphic sketches, as, for instance, the court of justice, which is admirable. We would quote a portion, but to do it justice it should be read from beginning to end. We, therefore, prefer a brief story which is complete in itself. We must shorten the beginning, by merely stating that Mentz, the chief duellist of a German university, has proposed a health which Arnold, a quiet and retiring student, has refused to pledge.

"That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely," cried the youth, rising, 'may not be denied by me. But I demand by what mischance I find her name, this night, common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?' 'By the bones of my father!' said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had, ere then, appalled many a stout heart, 'by the bones of my father! your doom is sealed. Be your blood on your own head! But,' said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more loftily, 'what folly is this? Drink, lad! drink, and I hurt thee not. I love thy gallant bearing, and my game is not such as thou.' He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and for a moment he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meeker than the dove; but, ashamed of his transient fear, he added:—'Come to me, poor child; bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and out of pity I spare thy young head.' What was the astonishment of the company, on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose—'took the cup—slowly approached the seat of his insulter—kneled, and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of 'shame!' 'shame!' 'poitron!' 'coward!' came hot and thick from the group of spectators, who had arisen, in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed upon the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted, with a hoarse and drunken laugh:—'Drink deep—down with it to the dregs!' Arnold, however, touched the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed, that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled. When every sound had ceased to a dead silence,—'Never,' he said, 'shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honoured: Gertrude, fairest of the fair! But,' he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for thee, thou drunken, bragging, foolish beast—I scorn—I spit upon—I defy thee—and thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption!' As he spoke, he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz! and then, with all his strength, hurled the massy goblet at the same mark. The giant reeled, and staggered a few paces back, and amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance, into which the blow, combined with shame, pain, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous calls for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events. 'Brave Arnold!—noble Arnold!—a gallant deed!—the blood of a true gentleman in his veins!' 'But canst thou fight?' cried one. 'I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil, not the sword.' 'But thou canst use it a little, canst not?' asked another. 'But indifferently,' answered the youth. 'And how art thou with the pistol?' demanded a third. 'My hand is unpractised,' replied Arnold; 'I

have no skill in shedding human blood.' 'Fore gad, then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?' 'Hatred of oppression,' replied the youth, 'in all its forms; and a willingness to die, rather than submit to insult.' 'Die—die then, thou shalt, and that ere to-morrow's sun shall set,' thundered Mentz, starting up in a frenzy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder, as if the howl of a dog or a demon. 'I challenge thee to mortal combat.' 'And I accept the challenge.' 'It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but, an thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.' 'I love thee not, base dog,' replied Arnold; 'but thou shalt not die so inglorious a death. I will fight thee, therefore, to-night.' 'By the mother of heaven! boy,' cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell; and the ruffian lowered his voice—'art thou mad?' 'Be that my chance,' answered Arnold; 'I shall not be likely to meet, even in hell, a companion so brutal as thou, unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.' 'To-night, then, be it,' said Mentz, 'though to-night my hand is not steady, for wine and anger are not friends to the nerves.' 'Dost thou refuse me, then?' demanded the youth, with a sneer. 'By the mass, no; but to-night is dark, the moon is down, the stars are clouded, and the wind goes by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it, even now!' 'Therefore,' said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated, 'therefore will we lay down our lives here, in this hall—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now.' 'There is no one here who will be my friend,' said Mentz, so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred. 'No matter,' cried Arnold, 'I will myself forego the same privilege.' 'And your weapons?' said Mentz. 'Are here,' cried Arnold, drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood. The choice is yours.' The company now began to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming skill as a duellist, and, from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter himself also partook of this opinion. 'Young man,' he cried, in a voice clouded and broken, but stopped and said no further. 'Your choice,' exclaimed Arnold, presenting the pistols. Mentz seized one desperately, and said: 'Now, name your distance.' 'Blood-thirsty wolf!' said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance.' He then turned and addressed the company: 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. She whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years should probably never see again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die, though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin. The enemy of the human race—and of God—a dangerous beast, whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would be well rid of, but would not fling it away idly, when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice, and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, fare-

well! should any one hereafter chance to meet Gertrude de Saale, tell her I have flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning towards Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom—I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company tell three, and the third number be the signal to fire.' With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets—his lips were closed and firm—and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing, broadened his exposed chest full before his foe, and, with a stamp of fury and impatience, raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same, but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, said calmly—'On your knees, base slave! vile dog!—down, or you die!' Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees, and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence. Again, wild shouts of applause and delight, and peals of riotous laughter stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot. Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with divers missives. Mentz covered his face with his hands, and rushed from the room. He was never subsequently seen among us.

We owe the introduction of this work to Mr. Willis; and it does credit both to his feeling and taste: and we take a cordial leave of Mr. Fay, assuring him that "we desire his better acquaintance."

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1836. A Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. &c. 8vo. pp. 256. London, 1835. Longman and Co.; Paris, Rittner and Goupill; Berlin, Asher.

HAVING already reviewed the embellishments of this volume, we have now only to speak of the narrative by which Mr. Ritchie has contributed to illustrate them; a narrative which does infinite credit to his observation and tact. A tour in Russia, to fill appropriately the literary inside of a periodical volume, just as one would bind the outside with Russia leather, is in itself a curiosity which could hardly have been imagined ten years ago. But so it is: Mr. Ritchie has performed this journey simply for the sake of introducing Mr. Vicker's drawings to the reading public. And, as we have stated, he has well fulfilled his task; though told by a secretary of state at St. Petersburg,

"It seems strange to me that you English should travel in Russia for the avowed purpose of making yourselves acquainted with the manners and character of the people, yet without comprehending a single word of their language. You come here with the grossest prejudices against us as a nation. You see every thing different from what you have been accustomed to at home, except the manners of some dozen families whom you visit. You make no inquiries, no reflections, no allowances. You examine this rude, but mighty, Colossus through your opera-glass, or from the windows of your travelling chariot. In the towns your valet-de-place is your prime authority; in the country you wander about in utter darkness, unable to understand a single object, and unable

to ask a single question. You then return home satisfied with having attained the object of your tour; and sit down, without a single malevolent feeling in your breast, but out of pure ignorance, to add to the mass of falsehoods and absurdities with which Europe is already inundated!"

Upon which our traveller observes:—"I could not help acknowledging the justice of these remarks; but I told M. M—that Russia would gradually become known, notwithstanding our ignorance of her language; and, in the meantime, that he should not himself fall into the illiberality or inconsiderateness he condemned in others."

Of the character and value of Mr. Ritchie's own views, obtained, as they necessarily were, through a brief and hasty inspection of the country through which he passed, an idea may be framed from the following extract.—Alluding to the censorship of the press in Russia, he says:—

"It is, no doubt, a serious weight upon the literature of the country; and it seems to me to be the most inefficient, as well as the most odious, of all the measures of arbitrary power. Against what class of society is this prohibition directed? The lower classes either cannot or do not read; and is there any officer of government so profoundly ignorant as not to know that any individual of the upper classes may obtain, with perfect facility, any prohibited work whatever? For my part I read nothing but prohibited books all the time I was in Russia. I cannot help thinking that the emperor is ignorant of the ridiculous excess to which the censorship is carried. Even bygone matters of historical notoriety must be slurred over or distorted into falsehood. Murder must be called natural death; or the book shall appear to the public with a gap as wide and ominous as the gash of the assassin's knife. Who would not laugh to think that the light page which I am now writing—in spite of the comparatively favourable view of the country which a regard for truth and reason has compelled me to take—will be cut out, before the *Picturesque Annual* is allowed to circulate in Russia! In general, books of the fine arts have less sale than might be expected from the wealth and voluptuousness of the nobles. Even one lately published in Russia, dedicated to a description of St. Petersburg, and embellished with engravings, has failed as a speculation. Judging from the portion which was already translated into French, and which I have found of great use in matters of detail, I would say that the 'Panorama of St. Petersburg' is well worthy of public patronage. Its price, however,—a hundred rubles—will prevent it from ever becoming extensively popular. Novel-writing, on the other hand, is a very flourishing trade. Known authors receive from six to eight hundred pounds for their copyright; and if unknown, the bookseller prints, and they take their chance of success. The theatre is in the hands of government: one advantage of which is, that the actors, after twelve years' service, may retire, whenever they choose, with a pension. I was told that first-rate artists were not invited to join the German company, lest it should prejudice the Russian. This, however, I disbelieve, from the circumstance that the pension of foreign actors is two thousand rubles, while that of natives is only one thousand. Surely no national partiality is exhibited here. Dramatic authors usually give the first night of the piece for the benefit of a popular actor, which insures its being well played and well received. They make from one to two hundred pounds at

St. Petersburg; and, if successful, the drama is reproduced at Moscow on the same terms."

We ought, however, to revert to the earlier portions of the work, in order to exhibit some specimens of the intelligence and talents of the writer. Speaking of the proceedings of the famous Tsar Peter, he remarks:—

"That absolute power is in itself a prodigious evil no one can deny, but in this case it was productive of positive good. At any rate, when the creations of absolute power are beneficial to the people, they are necessarily destructive of itself—a fact which will probably receive some illustration in the course of this work. The successors of Peter, however, trod steadily in the same path. In particular his wife, Catherine I., the licentious Catherine II., the late emperor, Alexander, all pursued, and his present majesty still pursues, the wise plans of their great prototype. What have they effected? Of that I hope to obtain some idea in the course of my tour: but it is necessary, on setting out, to ascertain the time afforded for the ripening of these gigantic plans, and for the execution of their multitudinous details. It is true that the Emperor Alexis laid the first step, the vantage-ground, from which his son was one day to take his magnificent flight; but with Peter himself commenced the real civilisation of the Russians. Since his death there have elapsed one hundred and ten years; but of these only seventy have been occupied by the above-mentioned princes, while the remainder is divided among the comparatively unproductive reigns of Peter II., Anne, Ivan, Elizabeth, Peter III., and the unhappy Paul. We thus arrive at the true data on which to proceed, and the only one which will enable the traveller to form a correct estimate of the character of the Russian nation, and of the present condition and prospects of the country. With these data in his mind, the stranger will either exclaim conscientiously against the ignorance and stupidity of the people in having effected so little; or he will inquire in astonishment, how they could have done so much in so short a period. What a pity it is that philosophers so rarely travel; or, at least, in sending us of the staff and wallet to fetch materials, that they do not lend us their own spectacles! * * *

"Elsewhere the common people are partakers in the civilisation of the gentry; they follow their steps, at a greater or less distance, in education and knowledge; and are, to all intents and purposes, members of the same family of man. Here, on the contrary, there is hardly one idea in common between the two classes. This is the grand distinctive feature in St. Petersburg. This is the peculiarity in the Russian empire which makes it the most curious, and, to the philosopher, the most interesting, spectacle presented to-day in Europe. The cause of all the anomalies exhibited by the country may be traced to the suddenness with which civilisation took its rise, and the celerity of its progress. The great majority of the nation were in that state of barbarous dependence from which England, for instance, only emerged after many centuries of struggles. The nobles were awakened all on a sudden to a consciousness of their situation with regard to the rest of Europe. A reaction in their feelings even took place; and from the extreme of barbarous pride and ignorant intolerance, they rushed at once to the opposite extreme of liberality. Strangers, who formerly travelled in their country with as much difficulty and danger as in China, were received with acclamations, and loaded with gifts and distinctions. They threw open their churches, which had hitherto

been hermetically sealed against heretics; and even permitted temples of every possible religion to flourish by the side of their own. They travelled abroad, for the first time, to see that world which they had so long contemplated only through the mists of prejudice; and imitating, or transplanting, whatever struck their imaginations most, they began to build a new Rome among the snows of the North. The mass of the people, in the meantime—the cultivators of the fields, the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water—could not possibly remain uninfluenced by this spirit of revolution. A corresponding change took place among the peasantry. Ambition and pride were generated where nothing of the kind ever existed before; and to this moment, every day, every hour, some individuals are detaching themselves from the mass, and rising into the rights and privileges of freemen. This is provided for by the laws of the country; and this consummation, it is well known to all persons possessing information on the subject, is not only the earnest desire, but the obvious personal policy of the emperor. In a future chapter I shall offer some remarks on the nature and extent of the change; but at present it will only be necessary to suggest, in reply to an anticipated question, that the peasants of Russia form a mass of about fifty millions, and that, setting every extraneous obstacle out of the question, the progress, both moral and political, of such a body is necessarily much slower than that of a body of a few hundred thousands. Supposing that a number of the peasantry equal to that of the whole body of nobility has been raised, in so short a space of time, to the benefits of civilisation—and the number is much greater—still, in so vast a population, this must be imperceptible on a superficial view, and the distinction between the two classes of society must remain, to all appearance, as broad as ever."

Of the present aspects of things, the following are notices. In Livonia—

"At every house we passed there was one unfaulding appendage—a swing; and the peasantry might be correctly described as being divided into two classes—those who were swinging, and those who were waiting for a swing. I observed a mother passing by, with her child at her breast, eye longingly the tempting apparatus. At that moment the seat became vacant, and, giving the baby to another to hold, she ran to indulge herself in a swing. The girl who waited at dinner, when standing by the window, saw the swing unoccupied; and, pretending to be called, immediately left the room. I saw her dart across the road, and into the swing; and, when she had made three or four aerial courses, she came back satisfied. The men swing standing upon the seat, sometimes several at a time; the women in a sitting posture. This machine is occasionally made of hewn wood, in the form of a gallows; but, in general, it consists of a branch of a tree fastened transversely between two pines near the top, with two slender trees hanging down from it instead of ropes, connected at the bottom by what serves for the seat. Neither hemp nor iron enters into the construction, the fastenings being all of tough roots and lichens. * * *

"The pigeon is in some sense the red breast of Russia; but he is protected by a higher and holier prestige than poor robin. To kill or insult a pigeon is an act of sacrilege as well as immorality; it is, in fact, to lift the hand against the third person of the Trinity—for the dove is the emblem of the Holy Ghost. * * *

"In Moscow the emperor is a rarity; in Moscow, which is a Russian city, he is beloved

almost to idolatry. 'Our little father!' cry the mujiks, looking up into his face with devoted affection as he struggles through them. 'Come now, make a little room for me,' says the emperor, passing on with his hand raised to his hat, 'do, brother, stand out of the way!' The occasion is like a *fête* through the whole town, and the Kremlin, to which every body has access, is like the scene of a great fair. The palace, defended from the people by no enclosure, is surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children, from morning till night. Sometimes a beautiful little boy, one of the young princes, climbs up to the window to look out, and all heads are instantly uncovered as if he was Nicholas himself. One day the imperial mother of this really fine family was sitting at the window, looking down upon the crowd, when the emperor coming behind her, put his arm round her neck and kissed her. No one unacquainted with the Russian character can conceive the effect of this simple act. The general shout that came from the lips of the people arose from the holiest depths of their heart; and I venture to say, that there was no man of that vast concourse who would not have laid down his life for the Tsar, and no woman who would not have urged her son or husband to do so.

"The emperor, who is a very tall and a very handsome man, is naturally of a lively disposition. He is always dressed with great precision, and every one understands that it is necessary to appear before him both well dressed and with a cheerful countenance. He is easy of access, and seems to think an appearance of state almost unnecessary. At St. Petersburg, however, at each side of the door which leads to the imperial apartments, stands a black man gorgeously dressed in eastern costume. There are twelve of these men, who relieve each other alternately in the duty of opening and shutting the door, and announcing the name of the visitor. After breakfast the emperor's first care is to go to the nursery to see his children, and ascertain how they have slept. He takes each of them up, kisses them, romps with them—for he is full of frolic, and glad to be a boy again, when the cares of the world will let him. Their majesties dine at three o'clock (the general hour for the upper classes in Russia) with perfect simplicity; and towards the conclusion of the meal, the Grand Duke Alexander and the younger children come in to kiss their parents. When they rise from table, the emperor bestows upon his consort, also, some hearty kisses. He calls her 'his wife;' but the empress, who is a Prussian, never alludes to him but as 'the emperor.' She speaks English extremely well; but Nicholas only indifferently. 'The character of the emperor and empress,' writes an English friend to me, 'is such that it is difficult to speak of them without exciting in strangers a suspicion that the description is overcharged. It is no exaggeration to say, that I never saw a family where more affection and harmony existed, and that I believe the examples to be very rare indeed where so much can be discovered. I have frequently seen these illustrious individuals surrounded by their children, and have partaken of the influence every one receives who witnesses the scene; and I can say, that in their domestic virtues they are worthy of being held forth as a pattern, not only to all sovereigns, but to all mankind.' At St. Petersburg, Nicholas has frequently gone home in a droski when it rained; and once, having no money in his pocket, the *ivoschik*, ignorant of his quality, detained his cloak till

he sent down the fare. A better anecdote, however, is told of the contact he sometimes comes into with the lower classes. One Easter, on coming out of the palace, he addressed the sentry with his usual familiarity, in the form of salutation prescribed for that day—"Christ is risen!" Instead of the usual reply, "He is, indeed!" the fellow answered gravely, "He is not, indeed!" "Hey? how? what is that?" said the emperor; "I said, Christ is risen!" "And I replied, He is not!" "Why, who and what, in God's name, are you?" "I am a Jew."

These extracts will, we think, have shewn that Mr. Ritchie's illustration of the illustrations of the *Picturesque* is superior to the usual run, and, as we began by saying, is highly creditable to his information and "tact."

Supplement to Captain Sir John Ross's Narrative of a Second Voyage in the Victory, in Search of a North-west Passage, containing the Suppressed Facts necessary to a Proper Understanding of the Causes of the Failure of the Steam Machinery of the Victory, and a Just Appreciation of Captain Sir John Ross's Character as an Officer and a Man of Science. By John Braithwaite. London, 1835. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a plain, but most confounding statement; and appeals, in a way which hardly can Sir John Ross overlook, against the assertions of that navigator and his pretensions to science. Employing engineers to fit up the steam-engine of his ship, it appears that he took especial pains so to mystify and mislead them as to the nature of his expedition, as to cause them to construct an apparatus very different from that which the nature of the service required. He told them it was for war purposes, therefore to be shot-proof; and hoaxed them completely about firing red-hot shot, and other mysteries, as they happened to enter his brain. The consequence was, that the steamer failed; and in his narrative he unceremoniously throws all the blame upon those he had so drolly duped to his own injury and disappointment. It is a pretty bit of sequel to the rest of his sayings and doings.

"As far as regards immersion (says Mr. Braithwaite, after explaining the circumstances), I feel convinced there is no one who ever reflected on the subject, except, perhaps, the author of 'Navigation by Steam, applicable to Commerce and Maritime Warfare,' who will not admit that there is no difference whatever between the common paddle-wheel and the one to which Captain Ross attributed properties at variance with the most simple physical laws—laws well understood even by those who have no pretensions to be thought scientific. Accordingly the immersion which is most effective for the former of these wheels is also most effective for the latter; and common-sense and practice unite to assure us that to plunge the wheel into the water nearly to its axis (although in conformity with Captain Ross's hydraulic doctrines), is a degree of immersion altogether absurd."

"If any further proofs were wanting to shew the bungling inefficiency of the method in which Captain Ross had applied his paddle-wheels, it is this fact,—that when the Victory was cast off her moorings and got under weigh, the wheels moved no faster than before (Capt. Ross states in his narrative that he could not exceed fourteen revolutions); now, in every other steam-boat, when in full motion, the paddle-wheels always move with double the velocity to what they do when the vessel is

moored or stationary. Captain Ross, however reluctant he may feel, or might have felt to enter into any calculation or reasoning to trace the causes of this unusual result, cannot, it is presumed, deny that there must have been something radically defective in the application of his paddle-wheels. I tell him now, as I did at the time (to say nothing of the highly improper and clumsy construction of his paddle-boxes), that they were too deeply immersed, and that the power of his engines was wasted in consequence. One need not be a profound philosopher to comprehend that in Captain Ross's wheel, immersed nearly to its axis, every float, in entering the water, must, in its endeavour to depress it, have met with just as much resistance when placed in the vertical position as it encountered in urging the water along in a horizontal direction; hence, in every position, these floats would absorb an equal quantity of the moving force; but I would ask, could these floats, in entering the water with a nearly perpendicular movement, dipping into it 'broadside foremost,' urge the vessel forward? Assuredly not: they could only tend to lift the vessel in entering, and to depress it in leaving the water, thereby absorbing force without propelling. Enough, I trust, has been said to convince the reader that Captain Ross's paddle-wheel, immersed as it was nearly to the axis, and confined in a box which totally prevented a free ingress and egress of the current, could not give any great speed to his vessel, but that it possessed to perfection the property of absorbing or wasting the power of the engines. It would be tedious to pursue this subject any further, otherwise I could easily prove that not only did the very deep immersion of the floats of Captain Ross's paddle-wheel absorb the power of the engines, but that it positively retarded the progress of the vessel. The reasons will be obvious to every one who will take the trouble to compare the direction in which a float of a wheel immersed to its axis moves when entering and leaving the water, with the direction in which the vessel moves."

The writer says he has "proved that Capt. Ross's own short-sighted policy, to use no harsher term, his own crude notions and ill-digested plans, were the sole causes of the ill success of the experimental machinery in his steam-ship, the Victory—which ill success he has so wantonly and erroneously ascribed to the manufacturers;" and thus concludes his pamphlet:—

"Captain Ross deceived us as to the real object of the machinery which he instructed us to make. He positively ordered us to place the engines under the water-line, to be out of the reach of shot. He told us that he wanted to try the experiment of condensing the steam in tubes, and to use the same water over and over again; for which purpose we made him a condensing apparatus (never before tried) according to his own directions. We received orders to supply him with our patent steam-boiler, which, though it promised well, was never before used for any practical purpose. Captain Ross refused to acquaint us with the nature of the paddles he was going to use, and thus concealed from us a material circumstance to be taken into account in proportioning the size of the cylinders, for which the only instruction given was, that the engines should make from thirty-five to forty strokes per minute. Without being at all consulted whether the introduction of cog-wheels was advisable or not, we received orders to make such wheels for communicating the power of

the engines to the paddle-wheels. Determined not to call in our assistance to aid him in his calculations touching the proper height of the paddle-wheels, &c., that part forming a particular hobby of his own, Captain Ross committed errors to such an extent, that the paddle-wheels became immersed nearly to their axis, whereby undue resistance was opposed to the engines, and the propelling power of the paddles destroyed. Besides his discreditable miscalculation of the floatation of his vessel, he plunged his otherwise ill-constructed paddle-boxes so deeply in the water as to present an insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of any considerable speed. Having related the instructions given to us by Captain Ross, and shewn the part he took in the construction of the machinery intended to propel the Victory, I confidently appeal to the whole world whether Captain Ross has not culminated the makers of his engines, in ascribing to them the failure of his steam-ship; and whether it be not the fact that Captain Ross has slandered them, in order to divert attention from his own errors, his own blunders, and from the disgraceful ignorance and incompetency in which all these errors and blunders originated?"

Baxter's Agricultural and Horticultural Annual. London, 1835. Simpkin and Marshall; Lewes, Baxter, and Son.

THIS volume is filled with articles of much information and value on subjects connected with both the useful and agreeable pursuits which are indicated in its title. All kinds of husbandry and gardening are discussed philosophically and practically; and, in truth, we could not point out a single work altogether so important in these respects. On looking over the papers, our notice was attracted to one on *Trifolium Incarnatum*, by Mr. Jenner, which reminded us that we had, this summer, been much struck by the fecundity and excellent properties of this grass in some parts of Berkshire, where we witnessed it in luxuriant growth; so much so, indeed, that we obtained the following account of it, with the intention of communicating to the public under the head of our useful arts. Mr. Jenner, we observe, amply confirms our observations; and, considering it to be of consequence to our country readers, we now insert the memoranda to which we have alluded, and desire to recommend the matter to the attention of agriculturists.

"*Trifolium Incarnatum*.—Those persons who have tried the above-named clover, all agree with the accounts from Switzerland and Germany, and other parts of the Continent, in its value in alternate husbandry, as the earliest green food for soiling or feeding all sorts of cattle; for its abundant returns on very indifferently land, and the opportunity it offers for increasing the keep for stock at a very trifling cost, without interfering with the main crops of a farm. These valuable qualities render it almost unnecessary to speak further of its merit as a principal or auxiliary crop of grass; but there are a few points to which it may be as well to direct the attention of agriculturists, more particularly the cultivation of a poor and sandy land, and uplands in general. The time of sowing being the end of August or the middle of September, it answers the twofold purpose of making good the want of a full plant of broad clover on the barley stubbles; or it can be sown (best with manure) on once ploughed and tillage on the surface, as for other clovers on wheat stubbles intended for summer fallows, and will come off for feed and for seed

in time to clear the land perfectly, preparatory to a turnip crop. To those whose principal dependence is their sheep stock, and who fat their lambs, this clover is invaluable, affording them, at the precise and most critical time when the last turnips are eaten, an abundant resource, whereby their lambs and ewes may be kept in a progressive state of improvement till tares or other grasses are ready; it being fit for feed or soiling in the month of March; earlier than either other clover, tares, or turnips. The next consideration, and not the least important, is, that from two to three loads per acre of fine feed may be produced from 16lb. to 20lb., being sufficient for an acre, leaving the land in the best possible order for cleaning, or to be sown immediately with turnips; and, lastly, all sorts of cattle are fond of it, and, as far as experience goes, it is not so likely to have either sheep or cows as the broad clover.

To this, which is, as we have stated, confirmed by all the reports collected by Mr. Jenner, we shall only add, that the Annual is embellished by two beautiful specimens of Mr. Baxter's colour-printing. The frontispiece is a South Down sheep, which, with the landscape, is most naturally coloured by this convenient process; and the vignette is a convolvulus, exquisitely represented by the same means, and displaying various tints of blue, red, yellow, orange, and green, in perfection.

THE LOSELEY MANUSCRIPTS.

[Third notice.]

UNDER the head of "Original Letters of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury," we shall now proceed to notice that portion of Mr. Kempe's curious volume which illustrates, according to the design expressed in his title, some of "the more minute particulars of English biography." These letters, although brief, are rare autographic relics, and, at the same time, highly characteristic of the turn of mind of this *preux chevalier* and literary eccentric of the court of Elizabeth and James.

Lord Herbert has taken so much pains with his own singular biography, that one would have supposed little remained for the notice of future authors; but Mr. Kempe, from an expression used in the original letters of Lord Herbert extant at Loseley, addressed to Sir George More, has, with some ingenuity, discovered that the latter was his *father-in-wardship*, or guardian: on these wardships we beg to digress for a few lines. Wardships, it will be remembered by our readers, were a remnant of the old feudal service which, when an heir by his minority was considered unable to perform, the king, as lord paramount, had the custody of his body and the profits of his estate until he attained the age of twenty-one years,* when he sued for the livery, i. e. delivery of his lands, which was rendered him on payment of half a year's profit of the rental.† In order to ascertain these profits, *inquisitiones post mortem* were instituted by the crown—those remarkable historical records of the value and descent of property, which remain to this day, so important to the local historian.

One of the principal accusations against Empson and Dudley, those leeches of the law, the instruments of Henry VII.—(potentates generally do dirty work by attorney)—was,

* An heir: might sue her livery from wardship at sixteen.

† This appears, however, to have been in contravention of that provision of the great charter which, under the head of wardships, provides, "Si autem heres aliquis talem fuerit infra statum et fuerit in custodia, cum ad matrem pervenerit habent hereditatem suam sine relevio et sine fine."—Mag. Chart. Reg. Johann. in Bibl. Cotton. Armari.

that they compelled many persons to sue livery from the crown of their estates, who were by no means legally obliged to do so by reason of their tenure. To suppress such irregularities the court of wards and liveries was established, over which the master presided as judge. Wardships were granted by the crown, either by favour or for pecuniary consideration, to the next of kin, to the minor, or to others—a source of no inconsiderable revenue to the kingly office.

The heir of a whole knight's fee, on coming to age, was compelled to receive the order of knighthood from the king, his liege lord *in capite*, to accompany him, properly attended, to his wars, according to the obligation of his tenure. This recognition of the prerogative paramount of the crown was abolished by a statute of the 16th Charles I.—one of those concessions of constitutional principle to expediency and conciliation, which in the end availed the giver worse than nothing.

The greater obligations of the tenantry *in capite* abolished, the retaining of the minor involved a contradiction. Wardships were therefore altogether cancelled by the act of 12 Charles II. cap. 4.

We have thought it might be a matter of some interest to our readers to amplify thus much on the mention of this ancient right, so intimately connected with the principle that the crown is the source of property and honour, under such restrictions as from time to time may be found necessary to protect the axiom from being abused, and applied to *private* purposes and *individual* ends. We now leave Mr. Kempe himself to explain to our readers how Sir George More of Loseley became the father-in-wardship of the gallant knight of Cherbury, and the knight himself to exhibit his rare talent for writing quaint and pedantic letters.

"These wardships," says Mr. Kempe, "were therefore much sought for, and purchased for a pecuniary consideration. Sir George More of Loseley, from a family connexion probably, of which we have not found any distinct trace in the MSS., obtained the wardship of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who subscribes himself Sir George's 'adopted son in name, but natural all other ways.' We suspect that a sister of Sir George More, who had married a Shropshire knight, Sir George Manwaring of Ightfield, had for a second husband Sir Francis Newport, maternal uncle to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, as Sir George styles Sir Francis Newport his brother, in a document extant in the Loseley MSS., which appears to be a recapitulation of his claims as guardian upon Lord Herbert's estate at the time, we suppose, when he came of age; it is headed, 'The case between my son and me is this.' It is remarkable that this paper corrects a passage in Lord Herbert's *own memoir*; in which he states, that his mother, perceiving his father's disease mortal, thought fit to send for him home, and presently after his father's death to desire her brother, Sir Francis Newport, to hasten to London, to obtain his wardship for his and her use jointly, in which application he succeeded. Whatever the private understanding between the parties might be in respect of the receipts of the estate, Sir George More, and not Sir Francis Newport, was Lord Herbert's guardian. Sir Francis, however, appears to have contributed largely to the expense of procuring his wardship. Sir George More says in the paper to which we have above alluded, 'My son being under age at the time of his father's death, I procured his wardship (with much trouble to my brother, Sir Francis Newport),

beside the expense of 800*l.* in the obtaining of it; and being thus possessed of it, whereas I might have married him without disparagement for 3000*l.*, I did not only *not marry him for money*, as well I might have done, but with expense of almost 1000*l.* more, the particulars whereof are hereto annexed, procured him a marriage with not much less than 30,000*l.*, in sure confidence that, when by his marriage he should be enabled, he would give me good satisfaction for the value of his marriage, and all other summes thus for his good disbursed, which he performed accordingly, and as sufficiently as then, by reason of his non-age he could, he made his assignment of certain leases which, in his wife's right, he was possessed of, to my brother, Sir Francis Newport, in these terms: 'Know ye, that I, Edward Herbert, as well for and in consideration of divers great summes of money by Francis Newport, my loving and careful uncle, disbursed for and towards procuring my wardship, as also divers other great summes for me, and to my use, and for my occasions disbursed and expended, have demised, graunted, assigned, and set over, &c. These summes were advanced to Sir George More for the purpose above cited; and some of them Sir George refers to as having been obliged to repay to his brother Sir Francis, he wanting them to complete a purchase he had made. The whole property of Lord Herbert and his wife appears at length to have devolved to Sir George More's management; for he states in his draft of Memorial, that Lord Herbert's *wife's estate* was so entangled with great debts, that the breath of a single creditor might have overthrown it; and that with many griefs of mind and hazard of his own estate (if Lady Herbert had died without issue), he paid them.

"Lord Herbert to his father-in-wardship, Sir George More.

"Woorthy father, yf I were perswaded that you did *amare ex judicio*, and not *judicare ex amore*, your good opinion of mee would make mee shewe more to deserve the continuance of it, then the greatest discouragement of my little habilities could prevail to the breakeing of my weakne begininges. Least you should think this countrey ruder then it is, I have sent you some of our bread, w^{ch} I am sure wilbe dainty, howsoever it be not pleasing: it is a kinde of cake w^{ch} our countrey people use and made in no place in England, but in Shrewsbury, yf you vouch safe the tast of them, you enworthy the countrey and sender. Measure not my love by substance of it, w^{ch} is brittle; but by the forme of it, w^{ch} is circular, and *circulus* you knowe is *capacissima figura*, to w^{ch} that mind ought to bee like, that can most worthily love you. Yet I would not have you to understand forme so as though it were hereby *formall*; but, as *forma dat esse*, so my love and observance to be *essentiall*; and so wishing it worthy your acceptance, I rest.

"Your sonne that honoreth your worthe,

"HERBERT.

"Scribled *raptim* as you see, and hope will pardon.

"Eyton, this 17 of August 1602.

"To the right worthy and his honorable friend Sir George More, knight, his beloved father, &c.

"Noble Knighte, I perceyve your love placed in this our famly to be as faithfull in continuance, as it hath bene excessive in greatnes, when you will send to find us out in a corner among the *toto divisos orbe Britannos*; such a love in these dayes wants an example, and is not like to be pattern'd; only to us it is a comfort, that desire at least to be thankful, that,

seinge it was begune w'thout our desert, we need not stand doubtfull of our selves, as knowinge that his worthy disposition that beganne it of himselfe, will continue it as undeservedly as hee did unmatchably enter into it. This small testimony doth your many kindneses challenge at my hands, who doth more honor your virtues than the pied outside of any hereditary nobility. I heare of your indeede royall intertainment of the king: a happiness able to make you forget yourself much more your remote frends, were it not you. I am very sorry to heare of the increase of the plague, w'ch, besides many inconveniences, will hinder our meetinge this many a day, I feare. I pray God to stay his heavy hand, in whom I wish both our preservations, as

"The sonne that lives more than half in his lovinge father

"HERBERT.

"Montgomery Castle, this 28 of August 1603.

"I pray you present my due salutations to your lady, and S^r Robert More and his lady, not forgetting good Mr. Polsted.

"To that worthy knight S^r George More, at his house, Loseley, in Surry, &c.

"If absence (noble knight) could afford frends a better testimony of love than remembrance, or remembrance expresse itselfe in a better fashion than in letters, to you especially, to your nought needinge selfe, (if eyther invention or example would have yielded mee a newer meanes,) my ingaged love would not have omitted the execution of it to your worthy selfe, unto whom the greatest service I can professe is to little to be performed; but where meanes scant the manifestation of more, let your acceptance make that good, w'ch my ability could make no better. I pray you thinke not that, because my letter contains not any essentiall business, that therefore it is merely formall, but rather that my thankfulness would disclose it selfe in any shape sooner than forgoe the least occasion to shewe howe many waies hee is

"Yours,

"HERBERT.

"Montgomery Castle, this 12 of Oct. 1603.

"To my much honored father S^r George More, Loseley, in Surry.

"Your continuall remembrance of us (noble knight), though it cannot adde to the opinion of your worthy love (only in respect of your selfe worthy); yet it may confirme it, yf there can bee a confirmation of that w^{ch} is held most assured. The barrenness of this country, as in all other thinges, is dilated into the scarcity of any occurrences fit your intertaininge, much unlike your parts, where all good varieties warringe amonge themselves distract the minde in their choise, of some w^{ch} as you have made mee partaker, so the most acceptable beyond comparison was to heare of your health. Yf there be a parliament shortly, yf I can, I will be one of the number, a burgesse or somethinge, rather then get out, for I thinke I shall give away my interest in this shiere to another; not makinge doubt to meete you there, though once in my hearinge you seemed to be weery of your beinge of the House. So w^{ch} the protestation of an unfained affection to do you any acceptable service, I rest

* "King James and his queen were entertained at Loseley on the 12th of August, 1603, a few days before the date of this epistle. See *Nichols's Progresses of King James I.* p. 251, where will be found a sonnet written by Mr. Thomas Fowler, the queen's secretary, 'upon a horologe of the clock,' (i. e. instrument for telling the hour connected with the cloche or bell), 'at Sir George More's, at his place of Loseley.' The editor slept in 1629 in a room in the house, still called the king's chamber. The horologe and cloche remain in a turret of the southern side of the building."

"Your adopted sonne in name, but naturall all other wayes,

"HERBERT.

"Montgomery Castle, this 4 of Dec. 1603.

"I must give my lady great thanks (for in my letter I have testified of you) for my little brother. Mr. Henry Morrice remembers his love to you, wth many thanks for your kind entertainment of him when he was wth you.

"To his most honored father S^r George More, knight, at Loseley, geve these."

The English Boy at the Cape: an Anglo-African Story. By the Author of "Keeper's Travels." 3 small vols. London, 1835. Whittaker.

To those who know the variety and value of the interesting matter which the author has furnished, under the familiar form and title of "Keeper's Travels," we need hardly say a word to commend this so worthy sequel to that pleasing and instructive production. *The English Boy at the Cape*, though principally occupied with South African pictures, contains a number of episodes and digressions on subjects of general information, which are naturally introduced and treated with great skill and talent. Mr. Kendall is, indeed, a delightful writer for the rising generation, and, like all excellent writers who deserve that praise, is not much less agreeable to the mature than to the inexperienced. They must be very old who do not relish his works, for they are the result of acute observation, and convey intelligence to the mind, as it were sweet oil to the limbs. Sketches of character, descriptions of country, natural history, moving accident by flood and field, animal life and adventure, &c. &c. are wrought into a connected narrative with as much dramatic effect as could be desired, and the whole work belongs to the best of its class, from any pen with which we are acquainted.

New Year's Gift for 1836 and Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. London, Whittaker and Co.

We cannot in justice this year compliment Mrs. Watts upon her volume. Several of the *Articles*, such as "Going to the Fair" and "The Dependent Child," are not what we could wish to teach the young idea; and "The Conscript" and "Louis d'Or," if ever so good, are on foreign grounds and manners, and consequently, not stories which claim the sympathies of English children to lead them to moral conclusions and virtuous actions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cruciana: Illustrations of the most striking Aspects under which the Cross of Christ, and Symbols derived from it, have been contemplated by Piety, Superstition, Imagination, and Taste, by John Holland. Pp. 312. (Liverpool, Marples and Co.; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—The singular and interesting design of the present volume has been carried into execution in a manner not unworthy of it. Mr. Holland has collected together and ably arranged a variety of curious matter respecting the Cross; such as the early Fathers' statements of the Crucifixion—the religious uses to which it has been put—the Crusades—public and mortuary crosses—the crosses in churches—the southern cross—fancy crosses—imagined signs and adoration; all of which are explained in a clear and simple style. The book, besides, does honour to the Liverpool press. It is extremely well printed and got up; and the woodcuts and initial letters are fine specimens of taste and invention. We ought also to say that a few sonnets, introduced by the author, breathe a genuine Christian spirit.

Henry; or, the Juvenile Traveller, by the Wife of a British Officer resident in Canada. Pp. 138. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—A voyage to America, portions of the U. S. and more of Canada, are here described in an unpretending manner, and with talent which might compete with more ambitious works. At all events it is a nice juvenile book.

First Impressions: a Series of Letters from France, Switzerland, and Savoy, in 1833-4, by J. Davies, B.D. Rector of St. Pancras, Chichester, and author of an "Estimate of the Human Mind." 8vo. pp. 330. (London, Sealeys.)—

A staunch Protestant churchman. Mr. Davies has addressed these Letters to the Rev. Chancellor of Chester, Mr. Raikes; and in them has fully upheld his reputation as a sound divine of the English Reformed Church, and an author of great ability. His principles are strongly anti-papistical, and he, with equal ardour, repudiates the infidelity which he considers to be caused by the popish religion, and which divides the population of France with that faith. For he estimates that there are barely two millions of Protestants and thirty millions of real and nominal Roman Catholics; yet, though only as one in sixteen in the mass, the Protestants are nearly as one in four in the representation. From his observation, Mr. Davies sees much reason to hope for great improvement in the social, moral, and religious system not only of France, but of the whole Continent.

Mitford's History of Greece. Vol. IV. (London, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwoods.)—The present volume continues this sterling history with the affairs of Sicily and the Athenian invasion, and thence to the conclusion of the Peloponnesian war; both most interesting periods, upon which the learned author consequently bestowed his best attention.

Memoir of Mrs. M. Ellis, &c. Pp. 278. (London, Fishers.)—Mrs. Ellis, wife of the Rev. W. Ellis, and the companion of his missionary labours in the South Seas, has here supplied her husband with a melancholy theme. Some of the details of a European female's life in these barbarous parts are of much interest.

Scènes du jeu d'Échecs. Extraite, par H. Corinell, &c. 18mo. pp. 175. (Edinburgh, Lindsay and Co.)—Ten little stories to facilitate the acquisition of the French language. Several are of the time of Napoleon, and anecdotes in which he appears.

Essays on the distinguishing Traits of Christian Character, by Dr. G. S. Spring. 18mo. pp. 145. (New York, —; London, Usin; Edinburgh, Lindsay and Co.)—A reprint from the fifth American edition of a small production by the pastor of the Presbyterian church of New York, and deeply insists on the necessity of faith, and a self-conviction of growth in grace.

Dr. Butler's Ancient and Modern Geography. 8vo. (London, Longman and Co.)—A twelfth edition, with two atlases. Reviewers and critics are superannuated where the words "twelfth edition" can be placed, and as, in this instance, most deservedly placed, on the title-page. But if we approved Dr. Butler's for the purposes of education and information before, we must still more highly approve of it now; for it has received important additions and improvements. It is, in short, brought down to our present date, and recent intelligence, censuses, changes, &c. &c., together with new maps of ancient as well as modern places, are all condensed agreeably to the spirit of the original, and put clearly before the minds and eyes of the student and inquirer.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, IX. (London, Murray.)—Also a penultimate volume, which continues what is called the "Johnsoniana," little matters connected with the Colossus of the last literary generation, but full of interest. A portrait of Mrs. Piozzi, and a vignette of Mr. Thrale's House, at Streatham, the scene of much of the lexicographer's enjoyments, are apt embellishments of this Number.

Sacred Classics, XXIII. (London, Hatchard and Son) continues Jeremy Taylor.

Part IX. Poetical Works of S. Rogers. (London, Moscon.)—The penultimate part is, like the rest, very beautiful; and next month will complete this charming publication, which is of that length to be finished while its interest is alive, and not dragged on till subscribers lament their ever having begun the series.

Bentley's Companion to the Waverley Novels. Part I.—Cooper's Pilot is here begun on a plan similar to that which Mr. Colburn is so successfully pursuing with *Pelham*; and we observe on the wrapper that the rest of Mr. Cooper's works are to be produced in weekly succession, similar to Mr. Bulwer's. The new literary market opened in this way bids fair to be an extensive one.

Bourrienne's Life of Bonaparte, in 8vo. (London, R. Bentley), has also commenced a shilling weekly career, the first number of which is before us.

Nous verrons the result of these new courses in publication as in theatrical experiments.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Progress of Scientific Improvements.—In another place we have given a report on the amazingly powerful microscope at the Adelaide Gallery, and we anticipate having very shortly still more extraordinary matters to communicate. Should the experiments succeed (as they have done as far as hitherto tried), we shall soon see the vessels propelled by the discharge of water from their sterns, as fast as if by steam; and soundings taken without heaving the lead, to a certainty, by a simple application of hydrostatic principles.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The first meeting of the session 1835-6 was held on Wednesday evening. Among the numerous communications which were reported

and referred to the consideration of committees, were the following from the Hon. the Directors of the East India Company: A sample of cloth from Assam, made from the down of the silk-cotton (*Bombax heptaphyllum*); A fine sample of safflower from the same country; and samples of fibre prepared from the leaf of the pine-apple, with netting made of the same; also, from Assam, some extraordinarily beautiful specimens of the natural lace from the inner bark of the lace-bark tree (*Daphne Lagetto*) of Jamaica, were sent by Mrs. Landelt. An elaborate set of models, representing the new series of weights and measures of Belgium, was sent by M. A. Von Toorn. Several new members were announced. The first illustration for the season will take place on Tuesday evening. These illustrations are restricted to eight this season, but they promise to be exceedingly interesting. The first is On the use of science in cases of extreme necessity, by Dr. Ritchie; there are two, we perceive, by Mr. Aiken. On the antiquarian history of iron, and the Metallurgical history of the same metal; one by Brockedon. On the uses of caoutchouc; and the others are almost of equal interest. We hope to pay our respects to each.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—There was a very full attendance of members, this being the first meeting after the recess. A great number of books were presented; among which were the Transactions of several scientific societies, and the fifth volume of Professor Ledebor's splendid work on the plants of the Altai Mountains. The chairman exhibited a branch and leaves of an arborescent species of dahlia, from Oaxaca, Mexico, said to grow to the height of fifty feet. There are living plants of it in the Liverpool Botanic Garden. Mr. Lambert also exhibited the root of a remarkable fern (*Angiopteris erecta*) from the Society Islands, and used by the natives for food. The root weighed 14lbs. Read a description of some new species of *Diopsis*, a dipterous genus of insects, by Mr. Westwood; also the commencement of a paper by Mr. Don, entitled, descriptions of Indian gentianæ.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Thursday the usual monthly meeting was held. The balance in favour of the Society on the 1st of November was declared to be 762l. 4s. 1d. Upwards of 8000 persons visited the gardens in October. Among the accessions to the collection there during the last month, is a male specimen of that rare and interesting creature the chimpanzee (*Simia troglodytes*). Having received intelligence of its arrival at Bristol, the council despatched one of the chief keepers to Bristol to purchase it, in which he succeeded. The keeper then made arrangements for the conveyance of his charge to London; and after some difficulty (owing to objections on the part of the coach proprietors to receive them), he succeeded in obtaining two inside places in one of the night coaches. The little fellow, the monkey, proved a good traveller, and reached the gardens in excellent health and spirits. He appears at present to be remarkably gentle and docile, very sensible of kindnesses shewn to him, and has become much attached to the old woman who acts as his nurse, and who assists the keeper in taking care of him. Capt. Wood, who brought him to this country, states that he is a native of Western Africa, was obtained on the coast south of Sierra Leone, and was captured up the interior of the country about the distance of 100 miles. When first seen he was

in the arms of his mother, who unfortunately was sacrificed in order to secure the young one. There was lately presented to the Society, by H. B. Campbell, Esq., a white variety of the blackbird (*Turdus merula*). It is now living at the gardens; and we present the following notes respecting it. This curious specimen is of the common blackbird kind—the *merle noir* of Temminck. It is entirely white, including the plumage, beak, legs, and feet; and was discovered near a farm-house in the occupation of Mr. Owkam, at Bilsthorpe, Notts. There were two other young ones in the nest, the plumage of which, as well as that of the parent birds, was of the ordinary caste. The present specimen is a male bird; but though he has the quickly repeated chirp, and all the habits of his kind, Nature, when she altered her regular course, and presented him with his snowy costume, seems therefore to have denied to him the usual vocal powers of his tribe. He is no warbler; but, from his frequent fruitless attempts, it may be inferred that he feels the dear price at which he has been permitted to wear his novel and attractive plumage.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 2d.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Amongst the visitors was Dr. Beck of Copenhagen. Various donations of books were announced, including Lyonnet's splendid work, presented by the president. The following distinguished foreigners were elected members of the society:—The Senator Van Heyden, Professor Pirty of Berne, M. Silbermann of Strasbourg, and M. Imhoff. Various curious insects, and some nests, exhibiting great instinctive powers in their construction, were exhibited by various members. The communications read were as follows: 1. Description of a new genus of longicorn beetles, from South America, by Professor Reid of Berlin. 2. Note relative to the successful mode of excluding flies from apartments at Trieste, by W. Spence, jun. esq. 3. Monograph upon the Australian genus of lamellicorn beetles (*diphyscephala*), by Mr. G. R. Waterhouse. 4. Account of the habits of the corn weevil (*calandria granaria*), with a successful method for its destruction, by W. Mills, esq. 5. Descriptions of some new genera of exotic hemiptera, by J. O. Westwood. 6. Notice of the ravages of a black caterpillar upon the leaves of the turnip, in Kent, during the past summer, by W. W. Saunders, esq. Mr. Yarrell communicated some additional circumstances relative to the last of these memoirs, stating that the insects in question were known amongst farmers by the name of "the blacks," (being the grubs of the *athalia centifolia*, a species of *teuthredinida*, or saw flies.) The president also gave an account of some other insects which had this year been equally destructive to the turnip in Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire, and suggested several plans for their destruction, some of which had been found efficacious. Certificates in favour of four additional members (including Léon, Dufour, and Professor Pictet,) were read.

GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, ADELAIDE STREET.

On Thursday evening, a number of scientific individuals assembled in the Gallery of Practical Science to witness the splendid effects produced by Mr. Cary's oxyhydrogen microscope, the magnifying powers of which have just been increased to the surprising extent of 3,000,000 of times. The experiments were exceedingly interesting, and quite successful. Our old—

friend, we may not call him, though certainly a very general acquaintance, the *Aea*, by Mr. Cary's ingenuity, appeared much larger than the largest elephant; a portion of the body of this little insect covered a circle eighteen feet in diameter. A dying *ephemera*, or day-fly, in its pupa state, afforded a striking illustration of the truth of the poet's assertion, that in death the meanest insect,

"In corporal sufferance,
Feels a pang as great as when a giant dies."

Its agonies appeared to cause the most violent contortions. In many other minute insects, almost imperceptible to the naked eye, the peristaltic motion of the heart and bowels was made quite evident. Several delicate preparations of the air vessels and nervous system of the caterpillar were likewise shewn, and demonstrated in an able and unassuming manner by Mr. Maugham and Mr. Golby. But perhaps the most interesting of the new experiments, was the decomposition of water by voltaic electricity: this was exceedingly distinct and beautiful. At the request of a visitor, one of the poles was made to enter the disc (if we may be permitted to borrow the phrase from a sister science); from this pole the decomposition was seen to go on very rapidly.

Architectural Society.—The first meeting of the year, at the Society's Rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was very fully attended, principally by young artists, though with here and there gentlemen of eminence in various departments of art and science. The president, Mr. Clarke, read a short introductory paper, in which he noticed the discountenance of their seniors, with the honourable exception of Sir John Soane. The rooms exhibited a very interesting museum of drawings, models, antiquities, prints, &c. &c.; and from the harmony which prevailed, we cannot but augur most favourably of the institution, as well calculated to produce and cultivate friendly and beneficial relations among its rising members.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 29th October.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. T. Griffiths, Jesus College.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. French, Scholar of Jesus College; H. B. Donville, University College; Rev. J. S. H. Horner, Rev. D. W. Goddard, Rev. W. B. Trower, Exeter College; W. J. Irons, Queen's College; R. Barnes, H. G. Liddell, Students, Hon. and Rev. R. C. T. Boyle, Christ Church College; G. Cox, Rev. W. T. Fortescue, Fellows of New College.
Bachelors of Arts.—B. Charles, J. Williams, Jesus College; B. Williams, Queen's College; J. Rump, Trinity College; J. J. Campbell, Balliol College.

CAMBRIDGE, October 28th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. J. Ball, St. John's College; W. P. Pinckney, F. B. Briggs, (comp.) Trinity College.
Bachelors in Civil Law.—J. Ackers, Trinity College (comp.).
Bachelor in Physic.—T. F. Reynolds, Sidney College.
Bachelor of Arts.—W. F. Kerr, St. John's College.
Rev. P. Guilleband, M.A. of Brasenose College, and Rev. A. P. Dunlappe, M.A. of St. John's College, Oxford, admitted ad eundem of this University.
The Seatonian prize poem was, on Saturday, adjudged to the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, of Corpus Christi College. Subject, "Ishmael."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY * Medical, 8 P.M.

* Lord Mayor's Show. Not scientific; though they are inquiring into the affairs of the King of the Mercians. *Gy Mercers—Printer's Devil.*

	Royal Institution, 9 A.M. Chemical Lecture.
	Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Evening Illustration. Dr. Ritchie on the use of Science in cases of extreme necessity.
TUESDAY ...	Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M. Belgrave Literary and Scientific Institution, 8 P.M. Mr. Christmas on Popular Superstitions. Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M. Zoological, 8½ P.M. Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M. Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Ordinary Meeting.
WEDNESDAY *	Royal Institution, 9 A.M. Chemical Lecture.
THURSDAY .	Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
SATURDAY ...	Royal Institution, 9 A.M. Chemical Lecture.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views of the Principal Seats and Marine and Landscape Scenery in the neighbourhood of Lynton, Hants, from Original Pictures taken on the spot by J. M. Gilbert, Marine Painter, and drawn on Stone by L. Haghe. Accompanied by Historical and Topographical Descriptions. London, Ackermann; Lynton, Grove; Southampton, Fletcher and Sons, and Joyce and Co.

THIS publication—the concluding part has just been issued—illustrated by lithography, exhibits very successfully the various subjects it embraces, and combines both skillfulness of execution and fidelity of representation in a high degree. It is seldom that illustrations of mere local scenery possess a degree of interest which causes them to be widely circulated, or generally encouraged; this, however, is mainly attributable to the absence of artist-like feeling in the execution of the plates, or to the unjudicious selection of the views themselves; for, whether the characteristics of the scenery be luxuriant or barren, they may be equally conducive to the production of a good picture, which consists in a faithful delineation of nature, whether chosen in her ordinary clothing, or when varied by some adventitious effect.

In these prints, the gradations of light and shade, distance and foreground, atmosphere and clear effect, are excellently produced, and great credit is due to all concerned in the execution of the work; the artist has received justice at the hands of the lithographer, and the whole has been produced in good style by the publisher, Mr. R. A. Grove.

A brief description is annexed to each view, relating any interesting incident which may attach to the particular objects delineated; and, possessing altogether such claims in art, we feel happy in recommending this work to the patronage of the public. A more pleasing memorial cannot be possessed by those who would familiarise themselves with the local coast scenery, where agreeable periodical visits may frequently have been made, and a convalescence established by the salubrious air of the neighbourhood.

* We were not aware of the first meeting of the Geological Society, which, we believe, took place on Wednesday.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Monday last a general assembly of the academicians was held at Somerset House, when Mr. Daniel McClise and Mr. Solomon Alexander Hart were elected associates, and Mr. Samuel Cousens an associate-engraver of the Royal Academy. We heartily congratulate these three able artists on the honour thus conferred upon them. The columns of the *Literary Gazette* have too frequently borne testimony to their respective merits to render it necessary to say more, on the present occasion, than that we do not think the Royal Academicians could have made a more judicious selection among the undergraduates of art.

The Athenæum Club.—This distinguished club, containing among its members so many men of political, literary, and scientific eminence, has given rise to a new, and to our minds, very interesting design, namely, the production of a series of Portraits, comprehending as many as may be attainable of these individuals. They are drawn by Mr. E. U. Eddis, whose likenesses have long been familiar to us, as most striking and characteristic; and the specimens we have seen of his present undertaking fully uphold his reputation, and are ably lithographed, we presume, under his direction.* We have nine of them before us, and those with whose features we are acquainted are extremely like. Mr. H. Burke; Mr. Children, of the British Museum, a fine portrait; Mr. Francis Gore; Mr. Ed. Hawkins, an admirable head; Mr. Luteridge; Mr. Prior (Author of the "Life of Burke"); Mr. Sabine; Professor Whewell, another admirable likeness; and Mr. Wyon, of the Mint (the only failure of the whole) constitute the set; and strongly recommend the work to approbation and encouragement.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Almanacks.—It would be strange if the Radical party in England neglected so popular a medium for the dissemination of their principles, as is offered in the shape of an almanack. We have, accordingly, from the press of Mr. E. Wilson, two editions, under the name of the *Political Almanack*; the dearer edition being ornamented by some clever caricatures for every month by R. Seymour. That for June represents the House of Commons all asleep, except a prosy orator; and the following lines describe the scene:—

"Our House in June!

They're all nodding, nid, nid, nodding,
They're all nodding, at our House in June.
The ministers love place, and the court loves supplies,
The opposition thinks a majority's a prize;
Town members bring in bills, at their constituent's behest,
And every county member loves to hear himself speak best.

They're all, &c.

The member for Great Boreham is upon his legs at last,
He has caught the Speaker's eye, and he means to keep it fast;

He's about to make a motion, to put the nation right,
And set every one at rest—for he means to speak all night!

While they're, &c.

So o'erpowering is his eloquence, all mute are as a mouse,
Each member takes his forty winks—enough to make a house—

Convinced—ere scarcely he began—they cease to cheer or cough,
And Whig and Tory, *dos-d-dos*,[†] alike are pairing off.

They're all, &c.

The Speaker in his chair sleeps—his wig is all awry,
The clerk, with pen in hand, naps, his ink has long been dry;

Poulter dreams he is a bundle, whipping dogs on the Lord's Day,—

Hume dreams he is a slate, with the *sum tottle* we've to pay!

They're all, &c.

* Published by M. Lenn.

† "Query—Dose!—Printer's Devil."

As the session's close draws near, if 'tis asked, as 'twas before,
What pass'd has in the Commons? you may say, 'Six months or more!'"

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—The *Siege of Rochelle*† has been performed every night this week without diminution of its popularity. With its merits, indeed, it does seem surprising to us that it was not brought out at the English Opera House, where it was rehearsed for nearly three weeks, and then cast aside, to become an attraction at Drury Lane. The "*comediella*" of *Forget and Forgive* is but a poor little affair, which will very soon be forgotten: neither is it, nor are such afterpieces as the *Freischütz*, *Massaniello*, &c. well-judged appendages to the opera. Good farces would, we should imagine, be more relished than dull dramas or spectacles; and there is comic talent enough in the theatre to cast some of the best of the standard favourites with laughter-moving force.

Covent Garden.—The differences of system at the rival patent theatres are becoming more obvious; and, if carried on, will bring playgoers to the calculation of quality *versus* cost. For such things as *Paul Clifford*,[‡] with *Jonathan Bradford*, have to compete not only with higher prices at Drury Lane, but with similar prices at the Adelphi, and lower prices at the Lyceum, the Surrey, the Victoria, &c. &c. &c. The last-mentioned drama is now frequently executed here with all the strength which made it so popular at the Surrey, viz., with Mr. Osbaldiston, Mr. H. Wallack, Mr. Vale, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Haines, and Mrs. W. West, in their original parts; Miss Taylor being added as the waitress of the inn, and a song to boot. On alternate nights, Mr. Power appears in the afterpieces; and on these occasions it is truly felt that half-prices contribute wonderfully to full receipts and a merry treasury; while Balfe's opera produces, at the high rates, not enough to repay expenses, though the scenery (so bemoaned in the newspapers) is very mean, and got up at small charge. These matters we note, not as criticisms, but as marking the transition of the national drama and stage to that future form to which it seems to be rapidly hastening.

Adelphi.—The *Castilian Nobleman and the Contrabandista* was effectively produced here on Monday, and has run every night since with increasing *éclat*. The story is of a nobleman whose ambition and the force of circumstances impel to the commission of every crime; and

* "Chief Justice Popham, when he was Speaker, and the House of Commons had sat long, and done, in effect, nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, 'Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons' House?' He answered, 'If it please your majesty, seven months!'"

† The *Siege of Rochelle*, in consequence of "its extraordinary success," is says the advertisement "to take precedence of all previous announcements."

‡ An instance of the perfection of astronomical scene-painting occurs in this piece. Old London Bridge is seen from the borough side, and yet the full moon rises gloriously over the top of the Monument! Due north on the opposite side!

§ The consequence of the grasping scheme at Drury Lane, after the fashion of the dog in the manger, to keep performers from other theatres, though they could not be employed there, has been speedily made apparent. At several congregations of parties interested, all those engaged at salaries above four or five pounds per week were reduced one-third, under the name of a *loan* to be repaid after Christmas, *alias* the Greek calends! This is but the first step; and completely proves the correctness of our oft-expressed opinion that humbug and delusion could not succeed beyond a certain point. Were there any truth in the play-bills, never was merit and popularity greater than this season, and yet, within a few weeks, there is a virtual stoppage; and, unless the *Jewess* is very productive, the present reign is at an end.

the interest is well maintained from first to last, when a terrible catastrophe overwhelms the guilty grandee. The scene is the most magnificent and extraordinary which even the Adelphi stage, with all its capabilities and efforts, has yet exhibited; and the curtain always descends amid shouts of applause. The authorship is due to Mr. Oxenford; and the acting, which is excellent throughout, displays the various talents of Vining, O. Smith, Bennett, Gallot, Webster, Miss Daly, and Mrs. Keeley; the latter of whom warbles several airs with her wonted sweetness and feeling. *Jonathan Bradford* was also performed as a last piece, and with the same success which has attended it elsewhere. Mr. Palmer looked and played the *Innkeeper* admirably; nor was Miss Daly, as his wife, aught less fortunate. Her pathos in the prison scene with her husband and children, indeed, was more than we expected from her, highly as we have ever rated her rising powers. Webster, in the assassin, was perfect both in ruffianism and terrible desperation; and Buckstone, his unhappy confederate, made an inimitable ratchet. Gallot, as the father, also greatly affected the audience by his overwhelming grief; and Mr. Atwood was a capital representative of Boots. Altogether, the domestic tragedy, not inconsistent with the line of pieces which have been brought out at this Minor, was received with great approbation, and its close, at nearly half-past midnight, loudly cheered.

This house has been let to the lessees of the Queen's Theatre, who commence their operations, theatrical and the rest, on Monday week, when the management of Mr. Mathews ceases. We are sorry to hear that the discovery of a will made by our lamented friend, his father, long ago, is likely to embarrass this theatrical property, which every good feeling ought to teach the world to respect and cherish.

Lyceum.—The reduced-price season commenced with *Woman's Faith*, a "three-act" drama, by Mr. Bernard, and one which drew crowded pit and gallery, and very fair boxes, and was attended with complete success. The epochs are, first a village, with the youthful characters, in Picardy; secondly, the same, but some of them lost to good, and living a life of infamy in Paris; and the last, the denouement of their adventures after five years of vice, degradation, and punishment. In each of the two latter new personages appear. The performances are extremely effective. Mr. Serle, in his tripartite phases of young farmer, roué, and escaped felon, is all that author or audience could wish; and his last scenes particularly well drawn. Mrs. Cramer, as the heroine, also plays with feeling and expression; while the lower casts are ably sustained by Messrs. Perkins, Oxberry, Benson Hill, Romer, Minton, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. F. Mathews, and others. The finale is peculiar, with only two persons on the stage; but the effect was excellent, and the drama finished with a round of plaudits.

After they ceased, the juvenile musicians, Collins, delighted us, and every one, with a charming no less than extraordinary concerto, violin and violoncello, accompanied by their father on the violin. Nothing can surpass the grace and execution of these children of nine and five years of age.

Olympic.—On Thursday, *The Daughter*, a serious and pathetic piece, founded, we believe, on *La Lectrice* of the French stage, was produced here with entire success; Mrs. Hooper

imparting great effect to the sorrows of the heroine, Mr. Mathews to the indignation of the blind father, and Keeley to the whimsicalities of a coxcomb expectant heir.

Victoria.—*Richard III.*, by Mr. George Jones, has succeeded his *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and is on a level with them. A rustic ballet, with Mlle. Rosier, and other clever dancers, has also found favour in the sight of the audiences, and forms a pleasing variety to the entertainments.

Queen's Theatre.—A new piece, founded on Wilkie's famous picture of the "Chelsea Pensioners," and concluding with a *tableau vivant* of that work, has been produced here by Mr. Soane. Miss Murray has a French part, which she plays very cleverly.

Private Theatricals.—Tabley House has, we believe, been enlivened by some amateur performances, such as have rarely, if ever, gratified the gentry of Cheshire. On Thursday week the *Rivals* was performed with Mr. R. Phillimore as *Sir Anthony Absolute*; Mr. Cholmondeley, the *Captain*; Mr. Brooke, *Sir Lucius*; Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, *Fag*; Mr. Harris, *David*; and the noble owner of the mansion, *Bob Acres*; while Mrs. Malaprop, *Lydia Languish*, and *Lucy*, were personated by Miss Brooke, Lady de Tabley, and Miss Leicester. *Bombastes Furioso* followed, the part of *Bombastes* being sustained by Lord de Tabley. Recollecting how admirably adapted the casino-like apartments of Tabley House are for scenic representation, and also the fine tastes which have so long reigned paramount in that abode of grace and elegance; we can only express our regret, from dull London, that we were not "there to see" the performances, and partake of the pleasures by which they were accompanied.

VARIETIES.

Mr. R. King, Captain Back's companion, returned in good health to London last week. He reached York Factory August 23, and sailed 24th Sept. for England, where he arrived on the 27th Oct. He and his eleven men underwent much fatigue in transporting their baggage across the country; but, happily, no casualty of any kind occurred to them.

Caricatures.—We are rather late in the field to notice H.B.'s last effusions, which, nevertheless, merited a prompt and laudatory tribute. The Comet and his Tail—O'Connell with his partisan followers dimly seen; Ireland on fire on the right, and England threatened by his combustious aspect towards the left—is a clever performance. The Lions are more curious as a work of art, preserving the likenesses of Lord J. Russell and O'Connell perfectly, though the head of his lordship is in the mouth of the agitator, who is agitating his tail, John Bull and the king being spectators. Three figures from the Hypocrite—the Normal School—Wetherell's triumph, &c. are all entertaining and capital in their way.

Concert.—On Monday the first concert for the season of the Society of British Musicians was given.

Earthquake at Kassariéh (ancient Caesarea) in Cappadocia.—The accounts of this tremendous phenomenon, which are given in the *Odesa Journal*, are appalling. It began about 5 p.m., August 25; and the shocks continued during seven hours. About 2000 houses were thrown down, and about 150 persons perished, either in the ruins or in the fields, whither

they fled. Part of Mount Ardscheh (at the foot of which the town stood) burnt like a volcano; the villages, to the distance of 140 miles, were demolished; and Kumezzi, one of them, has been entirely swallowed, and a lake of water formed "in the place where once it was."

Death of Mr. Motherwell.—We lament to see the sudden death, from apoplexy, of this accomplished poet announced in the newspapers of Glasgow, of one of the most ably conducted of which, *The Courier*, he had been for some years the editor. Often have we had occasion to offer our tribute of applause to his genius, and greatly do we regret his premature dissolution.

New Fire Engine.—A very ingenious and efficacious novelty of this kind has been devised by a M. Vaucher, and called the *Swiss Portable Fire Engine*, from its resemblance to the machines in which the Swiss, &c. carry liquids for sale on their backs. The form and lightness of the engine enable one man to carry it readily on his shoulders to the top of a house, and when worked by two men, it can discharge about twenty imperial gallons of water per minute to a distance of from sixty-five to seventy feet horizontally, and full forty-five feet in height. Modern buildings being now very generally furnished with reservoirs or cisterns on the upper floors, the importance of such an engine upon any sudden emergency is much increased, and we recommend a visit of inspection to Messrs. Bramah's to all whom such inventions concern and interest.

Salt and Fresh Water, and Ice.—The following facts may account for several phenomena connected with tides and currents, &c.—36 tons of fresh water will occupy the same space as 37 tons of salt water. If 37 tons of salt-water ice is immersed in fresh water it displaces an equal bulk; but if it melts, it will occupy 1-37 less. The contrary, we presume, would take place if fresh-water ice floated and liquefied in salt water.

Cotton in Italy.—The cultivation of cotton in the Roman States has, it is said, been tried this year on a great scale, and been completely successful. A new process of culture has led to this important mercantile result.

Cleopatra's Needle.—We are authorised to state that it is not the "Needle of Cleopatra," at Alexandria, where the French and English contest occurred, which is on the way to England, according to the London papers, but an obelisk from Luxor, similar to the one from that place about to be erected here.—*Paris Advertiser*.

Beethoven.—A monument to the memory of Beethoven is about to be erected at Bonn, the place of his birth. A. W. Schlegel is at the head of the committee for carrying the design into effect.

Epigram on a Minister.

Mendizabal administers matters in Spain;
And why he should do so the reason is plain:
The machine of the state to destruction all fell,
So to him 'twas entrusted to Mend-Isabel.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

An Epitome of Vols. I. and II. of Niebuhr's History of Rome, by Travers Twiss, B.C.L.—A History of Rome, by Thos. Keightley.—Heeren on the Influence of the Reformation on the Politics of Europe; the Rise and Progress of the British Continental Interests; and the Influence of Political Theories. Also, on the Influence of the Crusades.—Kidd's Practical Hints for the Use of Young Carvers, with Engravings.—Wachsmuth; a Translation of the Historical Antiquities of Greece.—The Matrimonial Sketch-Book; a Mirror for the Million, with Engravings.—The Narrative of Captain Back's Overland Expedition to the North Pole, in a cheeper

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ellis's British Tariff, for 1836, brought up to October 10, 1835, 12mo. 6s. 6ds.—Combe on the Constitution of Man (the people's edition), royal 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XXXV. (Prior, Vol. I.) 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The Noble and the Slave, by Miss Jane Strickland, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Fac-similes of Literary Curiosities, by C. J. Smith, No. 1. 4to. 7s. 6d. sewed.—Treatise on the Law of Convictions, by W. A. Hulston, 12mo. 15s. bds.—Norman Leslie; a Tale of the Present Time, by Theodore S. Fay, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Catechism of Medical Jurisprudence, by S. W. Williams, M.D. 18mo. 2s. cloth.—History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries, and Coal Trade of Great Britain, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—The Christmas Fête; a Literary and Musical Offering, 1836, 4to. 12s. cloth.—The Romance of Ancient Egypt (Second Series of Romance of Ancient History), by J. G. Seymer, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—The Scriptural Doctrine called Calvinistic, by Rev. W. J. Emmet, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Martin's History of the British Colonies, Vol. V. (Europe), 8vo. 21s. cloth.—Sacred Mistletoe, Vol. II. (completing the work), 4to. 21s. half-bd.—Progressive Exercises in Latin Lyrics, by the Rev. J. Edwards, A.M. 12mo. 3s. cloth.—Excerpta ex Bastii Commentatione Palaeographica, a J. Hodgkin, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Out of Town; or the Recess, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Flowers of Modern Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—School Stenography; a System of Linear Short Hand, by D. Cadman, 8vo. 4s. bds.—A Brief Compendium of Arithmetic, by B. Snowden, 12mo. 2s. sheep.—Dallenger's improved Account-Book, 4to. 2s. 6d. half-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL 1835.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 29	From 30 to 55	29.85 to 29.98
Friday... 30	... 28 .. 47	30.11 .. 29.95
Saturday... 31	... 24 .. 47	29.85 .. 29.88
November.		
Sunday... 1	... 36 .. 46	30.07 .. 30.14
Monday... 2	... 28 .. 47	30.15 .. 30.09
Tuesday... 3	... 42 .. 48	29.99 .. 29.91
Wednesday 4	... 38 .. 43	30.00 .. 29.97

Prevailing winds, S.W. and S.E.
Generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.
Rain fallen 1.25 inch.
Edinburgh. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—The curious speculation of Dr. Wall (see *Literary Gazette*, Oct. 31, page 691), is at once refuted by a reference to Deut. x. v. 2-4, where we read of the second set of tables that the Lord promised to write upon them himself (v. 2), and that he actually did as he had promised, "And he wrote in the tables, according as he had written before," &c. (v. 4). It appears, moreover, that the command to Moses to write (Exodus, xxiv. 27) had no reference to the ten commandments; and that "he wrote" (in verse 28) does not refer to Moses, though it would seem so at first sight, but to the Lord, according to a Hebrew not uncommon in the Scriptures. But the passage in Deuteronomy suffices to decide the question against Dr. Wall's theory; and his conclusions must, consequently, fall to the ground. If you can find a corner for these few lines, you will oblige an old subscriber, F. C. H.

November 4, 1835.

Poetry.—We purpose reviewing a number of poetical publications as soon as possible.

ERRATA.—In the last line of text in the last column of page 691 and the first line of 692, an error occurred by transposing the words: instead of "Perhaps a son of the fourth line," is probably the true reading. It should be "Perhaps a son, is probably the true reading in the fifth line," alluding to the preceding quotation from Montgomery.—In our dramatic critiques, also, two slight inadvertencies escaped us. Under Covent Garden, Power's "Irishman in Naples" was mentioned instead of his "Irish Ambassador;" and, under the Lyceum we hastily wrote "Miller and his Men," instead of "Miller's Maid."

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MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY of

LONDON.—The First Meeting of the Session will take place on Tuesday next, November the 10th, 1835.

The Chair will be taken at 8 p.m. precisely.

GEORGE G. SIGMOND, M.D., J. Honorary
JAMES GADGET, M.D., Secretaries.

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